IT'S FREE INSIDE! — WHAT'S FREE?

** RR 15-17-6 14-29-5-14-17 14-6-19-40-6-15 19-8-20-6-40

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No. 109
2nd MARCH 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

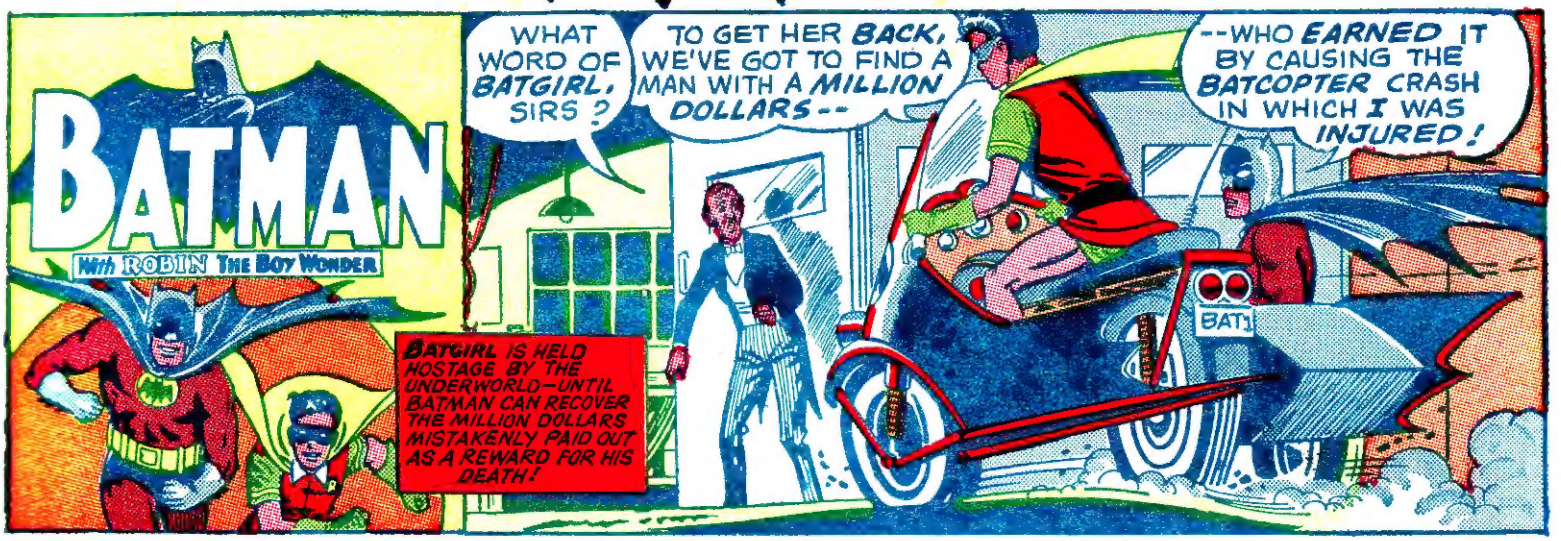
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

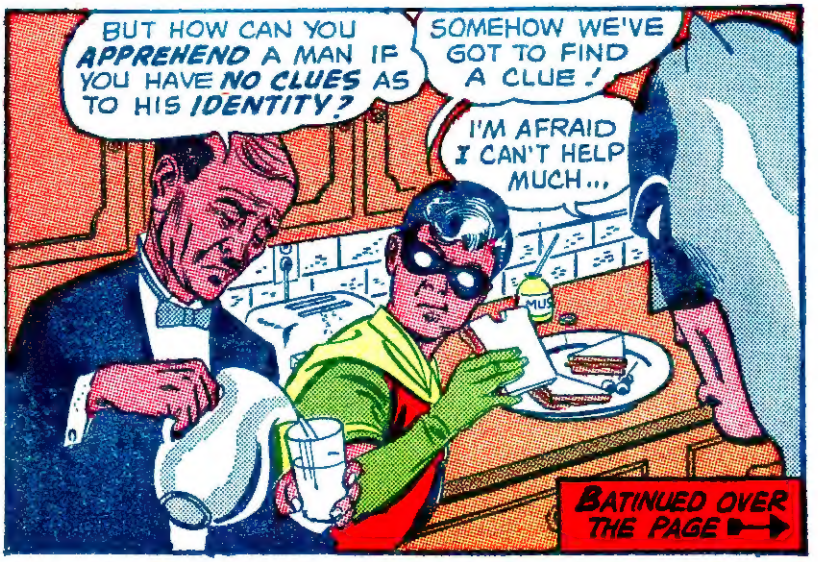
EXCLUSIVE TO THE PEOPLE OF POWER!

FREE INSIDE!

THE SMASH SECRET CODER!

** IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT — CONSULT YOUR CODER!





BATINUED OVER THE PAGE

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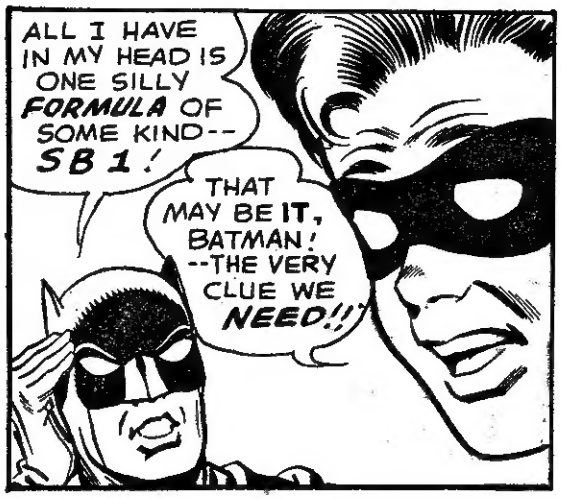
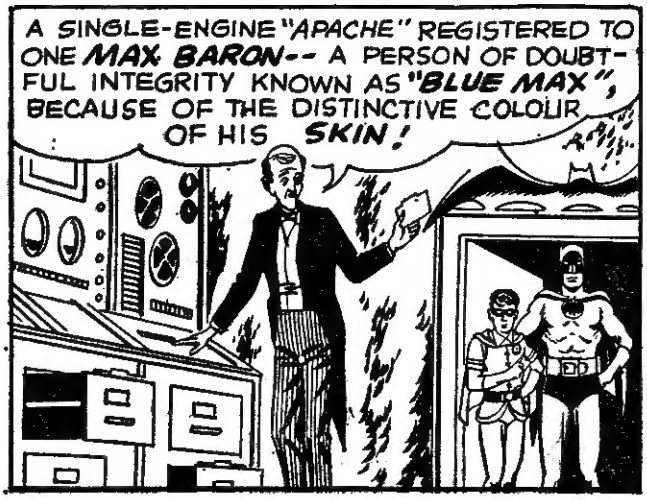

ALL I HAVE IN MY HEAD IS ONE SILLY FORMULA OF SOME KIND-- SB 1!
THAT MAY BE IT, BATMAN! --THE VERY CLUE WE NEED!!

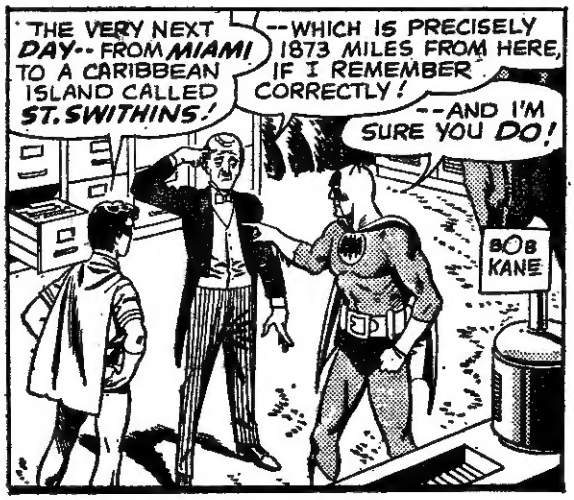
IT MAY BE THE LAST THING YOU SAW BEFORE THE BATCOPTER CRASHED-- AND YOU GOT AMNESIA!
YOU MEAN--THE LICENCE NUMBER ON THE PLANE THAT FORCED US DOWN?
I'LL CHECK THE BAT FILE, SIRS!


A SINGLE-ENGINE "APACHE" REGISTERED TO ONE MAX BARON-- A PERSON OF DOUBTFUL INTEGRITY KNOWN AS "BLUE MAX", BECAUSE OF THE DISTINCTIVE COLOUR OF HIS SKIN!

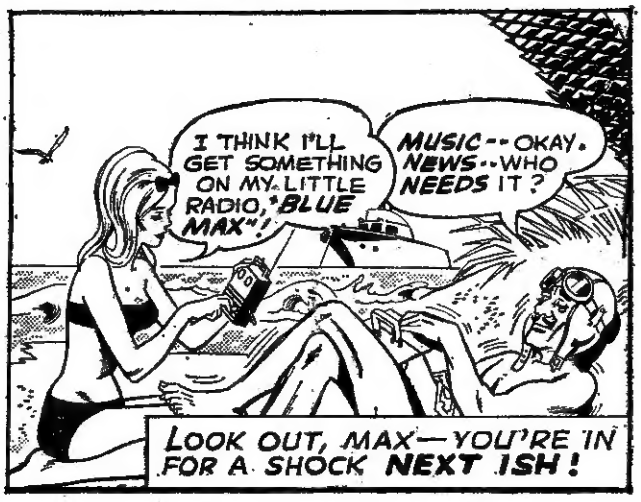
YIPPEE! A GUY LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND!
IT'S STILL A PRETTY BIG WORLD, CHUM!
WE MIGHT START BY CHECKING FLIGHT-PLANS, SIR!

AND SO...
THANKS A LOT, SIR! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED TO KNOW!

THE F.A.A.* SAYS "BLUE MAX" BARON DID FILE A FLIGHT PLAN!
ON OR ABOUT THE DATE OF THE BATCOPTER CRASH, YOUNG SIR?
*FEDERAL AVIATION AGENCY


THE VERY NEXT DAY-- FROM MIAMI TO A CARIBBEAN ISLAND CALLED ST. SWITHINS!
--WHICH IS PRECISELY 1873 MILES FROM HERE, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY!
--AND I'M SURE YOU DO!
BOB KANE

AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ON THAT TROPIC ISLE 1873 MILES AWAY...
HOW COME YOU TAKE YOUR SUITCASE EVEN WHEN SWIMMING, "BLUE MAX"?
BECAUSE IT'S GOT MY INSURANCE POLICY IN IT!
FIVE MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF THE WORLD'S BEST COUNTERFEIT MONEY TO KEEP ME SAFE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

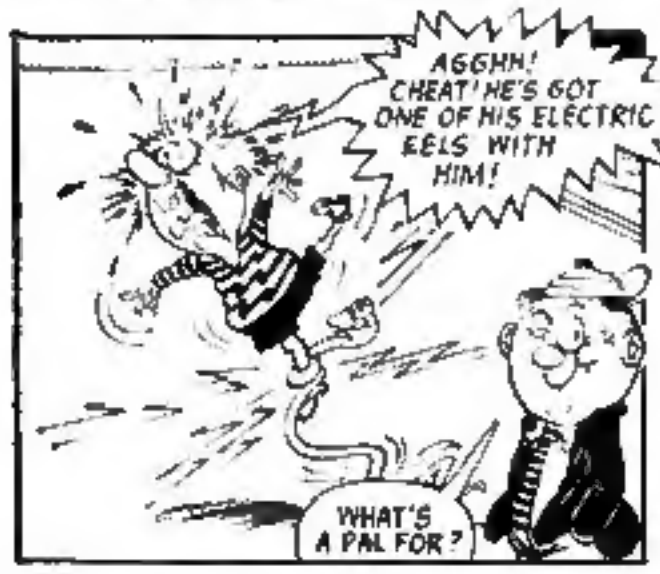

I THINK I'LL GET SOMETHING ON MY LITTLE RADIO, "BLUE MAX"!
MUSIC-- OKAY. NEWS-- WHO NEEDS IT?
LOOK OUT, MAX— YOU'RE IN FOR A SHOCK NEXT ISH!

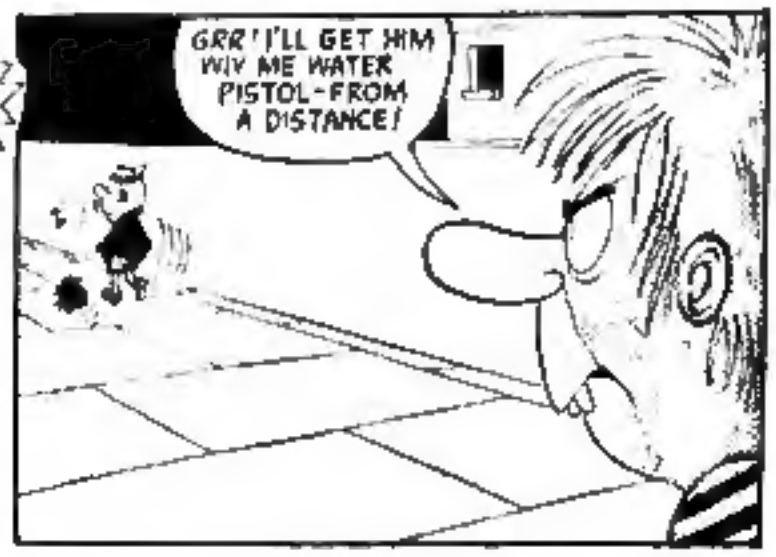
Percy's Pets

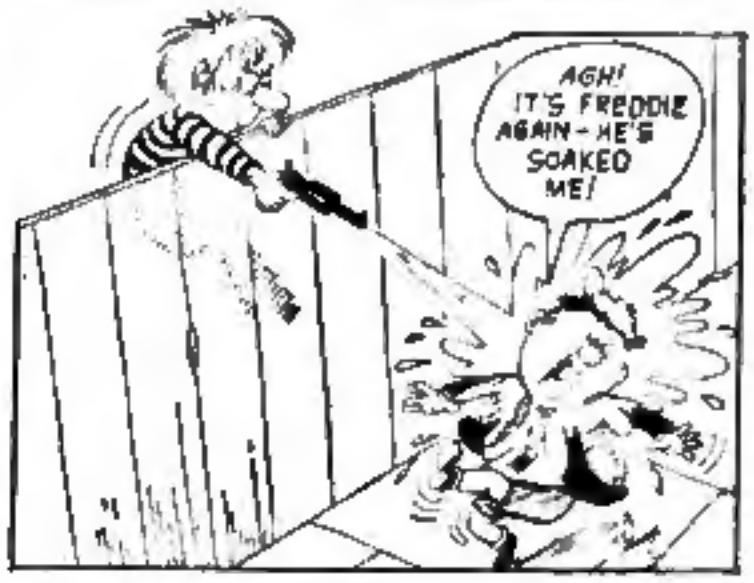
LET'S BE PALS, PERCY - SHAKE ON IT!
OH! ALL RIGHT, FREDDIE! I'M FOR IT!

AGGHH! YOU ROTTER, FREDDIE - YOU'VE GOT A HAND SHOCKER IN YOUR HAND!

???
LEAVE HIM TO ME, PERCY, OLD PAL!

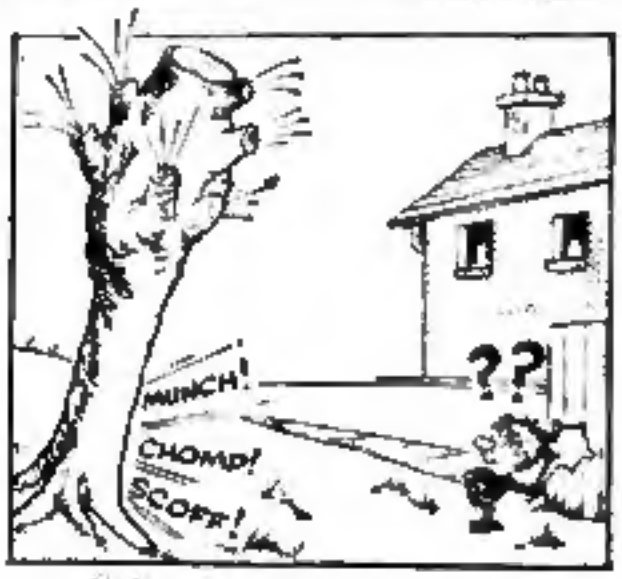

AGGHH! CHEAT! HE'S GOT ONE OF HIS ELECTRIC EELS WITH HIM!
WHAT'S A PAL FOR?


GRR! I'LL GET HIM WIV ME WATER PISTOL - FROM A DISTANCE!

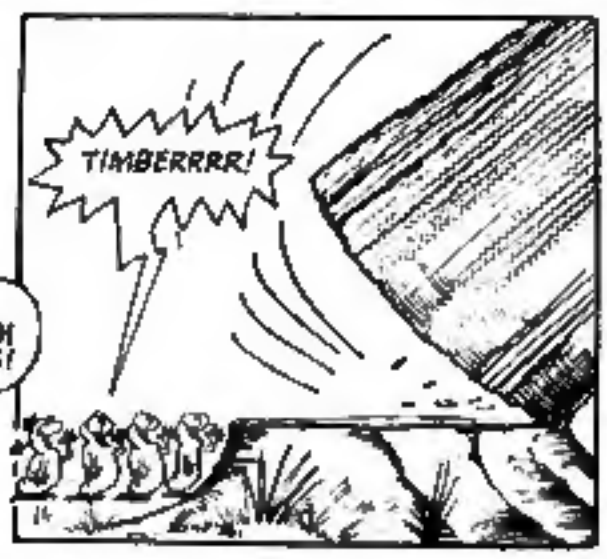

AGH! IT'S FREDDIE AGAIN - HE'S SOAKED ME!

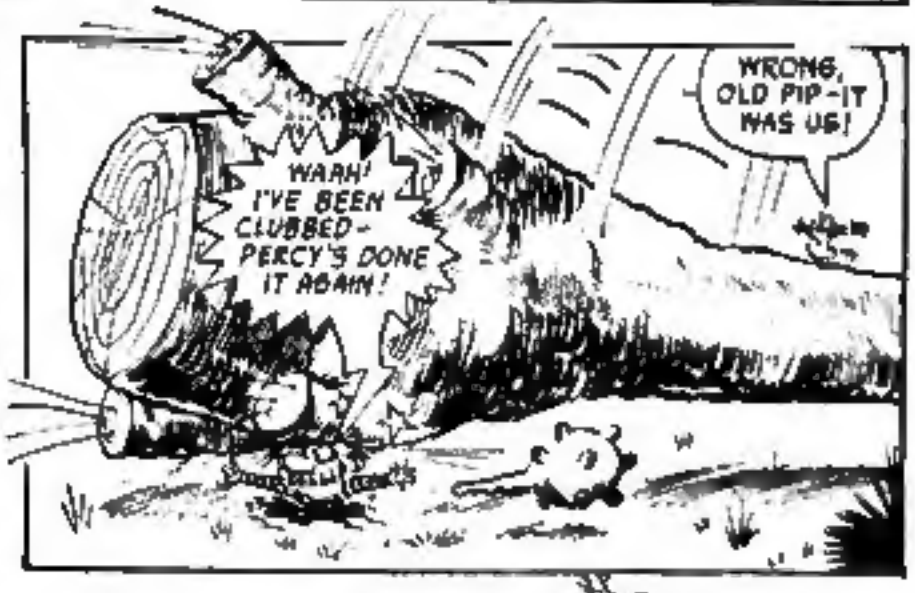
LUCKY FOR PERCY I WAS COMING TO MEET HIM!
WHOOOSH!
WA-AH! HE'S GOT A BLINKING ELEPHANT NOW!

HEH! HEH! HE DOESN'T HAVE A CLUB WITH HIM - I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!


MUNCH!
CHOMP!
SCOFF!
??

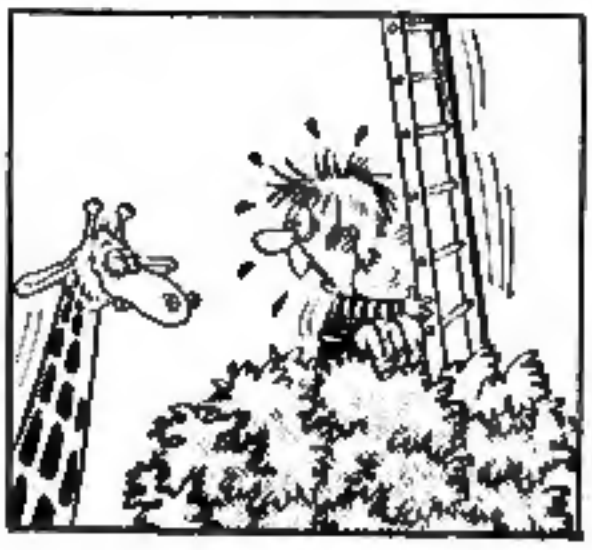
HEH! HEH! PERCY DOESN'T NEED A CLUB WHEN WE'RE AROUND!
ME LIKEEE CHESTNUT AND CHOPPEE SUEY!
PERSONALLY I PREFER BIRCH AND BANGERS!
OAK AND COKE - YOU CAN'T WHACK IT!
CHOMP!

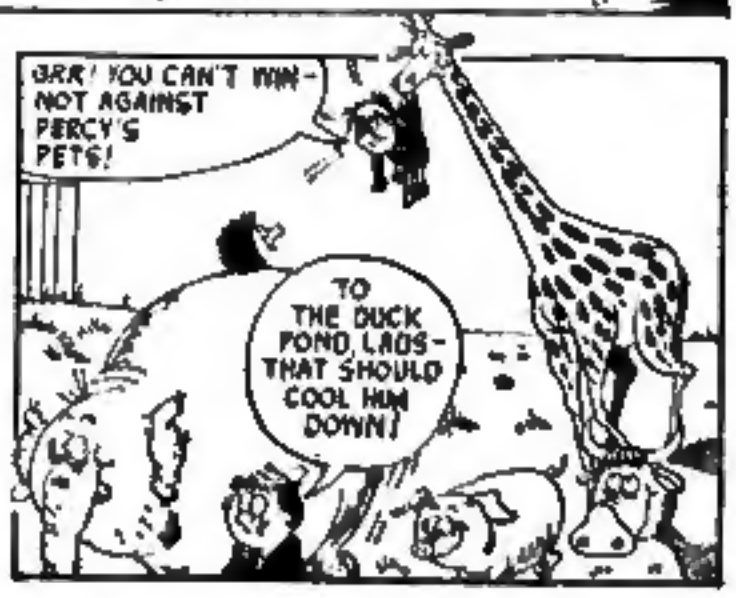

TIMBERRRR!


WAAH! I'VE BEEN CLUBBED - PERCY'S DONE IT AGAIN!
WRONG, OLD PIP - IT WAS US!

GRR! TAKE THAT, YOU TWERP!
ERK!
SPLAT!

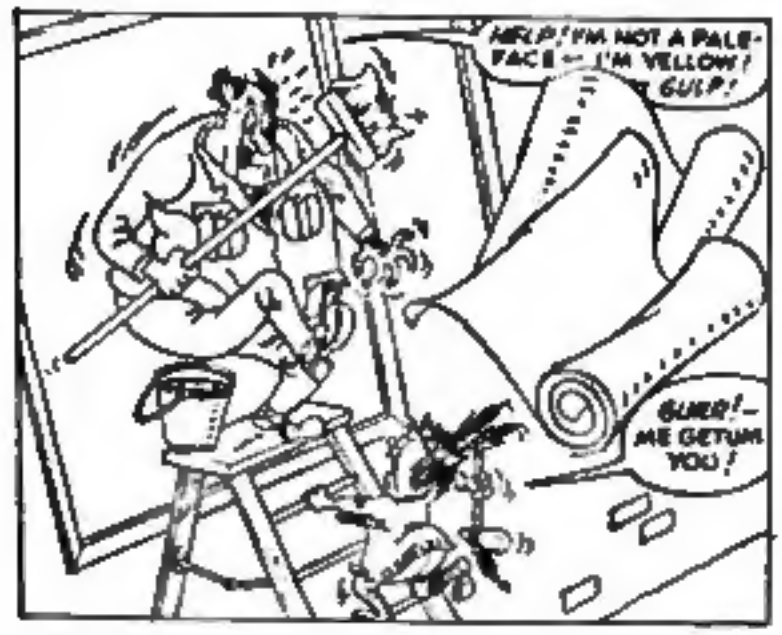
HEH! HEH! HE'LL NEVER GET ME UP HERE - I'LL PULL THE LADDER UP AFTER ME WHEN I GET TO THE TOP!

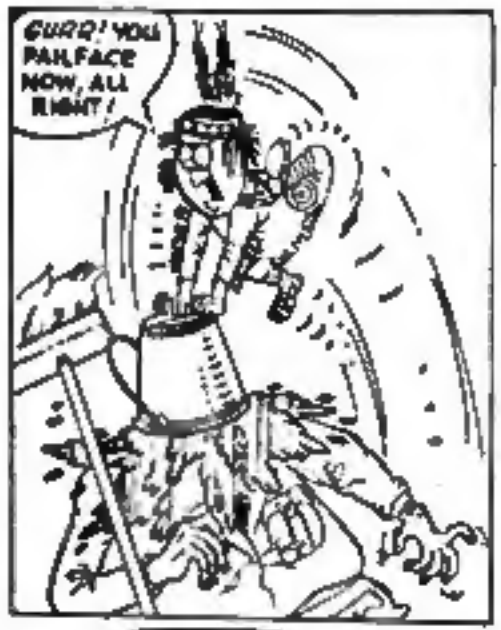


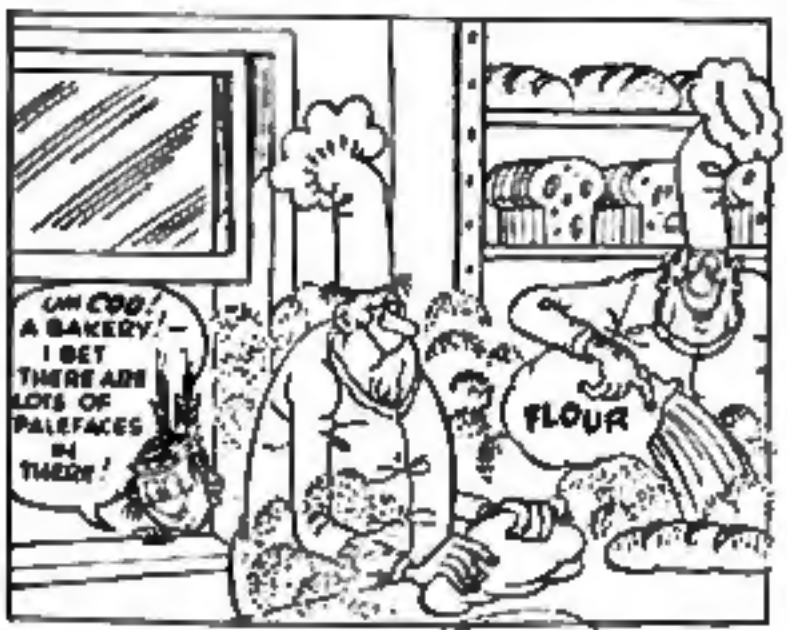

GRR! YOU CAN'T WIN - NOT AGAINST PERCY'S PETS!
TO THE DUCK POND, LADS - THAT SHOULD COOL HIM DOWN!

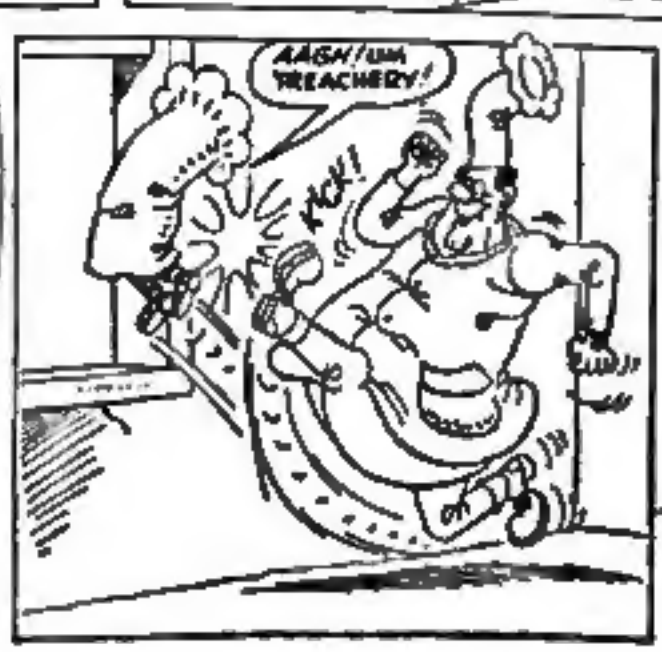
BAD PENNY

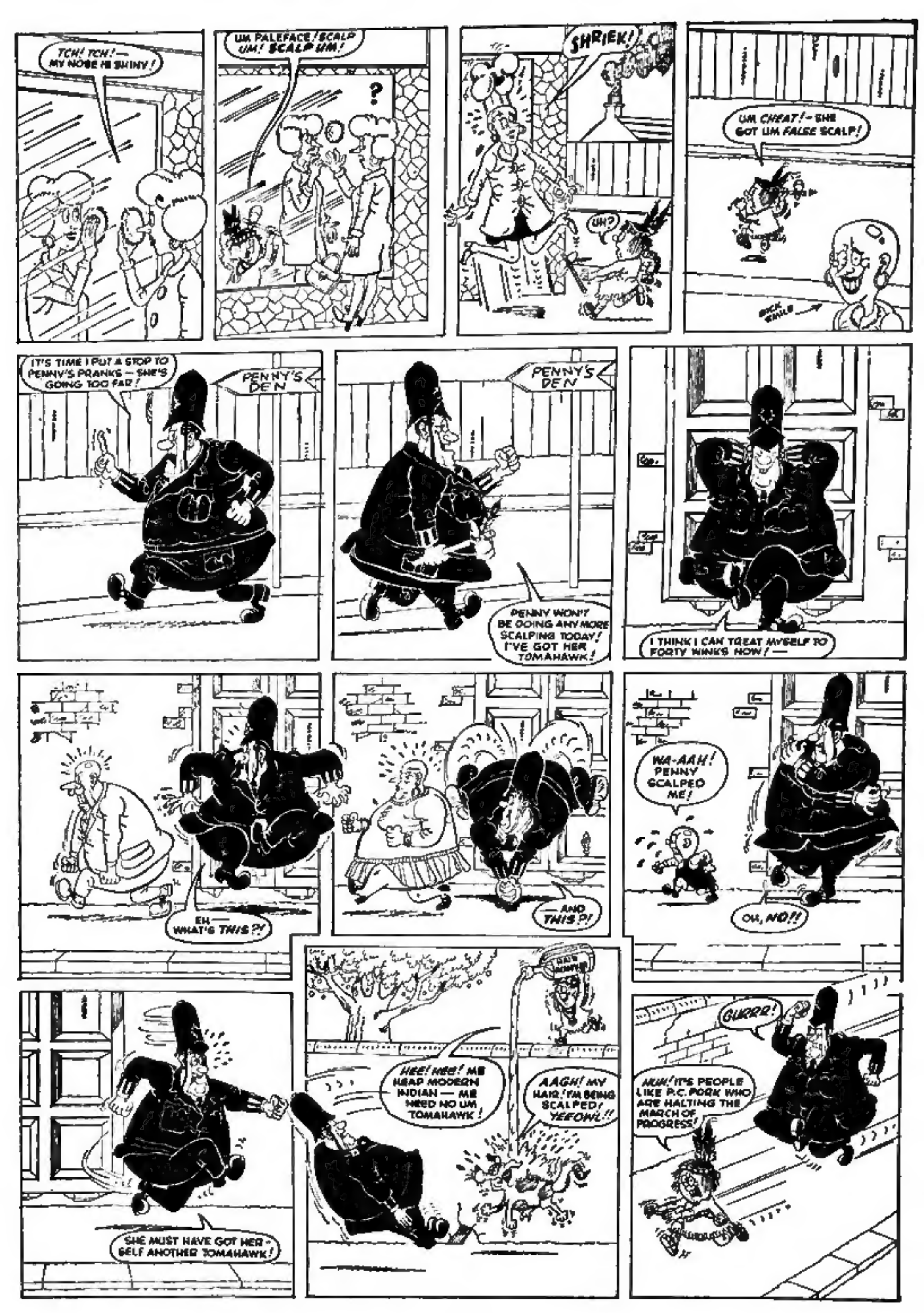
ONE PENNY 1968










TCH! TCH! — MY NOSE IS SHINY!
UM PALEFACE! SCALP UM! SCALP UM!
?
SHRIEK!
UH?
UM CHEAT! — SHE GOT UM FALSE SCALP!
IT'S TIME I PUT A STOP TO PENNY'S PRANKS — SHE'S GOING TOO FAR!
PENNY'S DEN
PENNY'S DEN
PENNY WON'T BE DOING ANY MORE SCALPING TODAY! I'VE GOT HER TOMAHAWK!
I THINK I CAN TREAT MYSELF TO FORTY WINKS NOW! —
EH — WHAT'S THIS?!
— AND THIS?!
WA-AAH! PENNY SCALPED ME!
OH, NO!!
SHE MUST HAVE GOT HERSELF ANOTHER TOMAHAWK!
HEE! HEE! ME HEAP MODERN INDIAN — ME NEED NO UM TOMAHAWK!
AAGH! MY HAIR! I'M BEING SCALPED! YEEOWL!!
GURRR!
MUH! IT'S PEOPLE LIKE P.C. POOK WHO ARE HALTING THE MARCH OF PROGRESS!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

HOW NICE CAN WE GET? Take SMASH this week. Still working on making CASANOVA COS and his team feel un-neglected, we came up with yet ANOTHER inspired gift for him to give away . . . (and we mean give away TODAY).

We not only put our TOP BRAINS (well, the best we have, anyway) on to the task of working out four SECRET CODES for you to have fun with. We also worked out four ways to CRACK these same codes. And we put the whole caboodle into one gizmo which we're calling, appropriately enough, the SMASH SECRET CODER!

But have you got YOUR copy of today's great, gift-carrying SMASH? If you've been just a teetle slow getting away from the starting line . . . then make up for it right away . . . put on steam and take a gentle DASH to your newsagent. If you're lucky there just MIGHT be a copy of today's SMASH, with its super free SECRET CODER, left on the counter.

On your way, O frantic ones . . . and we'll keep our fingers crossed for you!

We still get letters from you out there from time to time asking what is it REALLY like to be in the comics editorial game. Well if we were asked to sum up the whole biz in one word . . . that word would be PANIC!!!!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

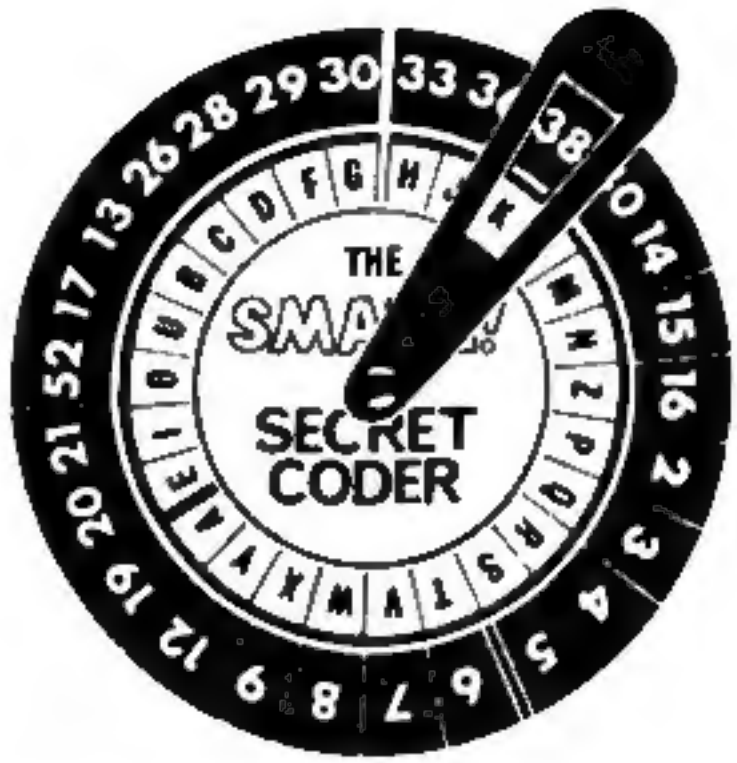
Julian Day, London, David Naylor, Walkeringham, Yorks., Gethin Evans, Glamorgan, S. Wales, Neil Cockerill, Toora, Australia, Michael Forrest, Preston, Lancs., John Murphy, Bristol, T. Cooper, Stalybridge, Cheshire, Janis Block, Loughton, Essex, Philip Kilby, Lichfield, Staffs.; Neil Flynn, Twickenham, Middx.; Stephen Harris, Dublin, Eire, Neil Marshall, Old Coulsdon, Surrey, W. Christie, Liverpool; Tommy George, Argyll, Scotland, Alan Everett, Burnham, Bucks.; Gordon Stead, Halton, Leeds; Zenon Sinkiewicz, Brighton; Andy Anderson, Ashton in Makerfield, Lancs., T. Pryce, Shrewsbury; Jackie Parker, Birmingham

All kinds of panics! Us getting copy and artwork late. Printers panicking for THEIR material. Panics over what to write . . . with the deadline clock ticking nearer the last moment, etc., etc. But all those are just part of the game! We EXPECT those kind of panics. But just to make life easier we get OTHERS thrown in for good measure!

Like THE GREAT POW RAIL ROBBERY! All right, so it isn't quite in the same league as the great MAIL robbery. It didn't make the headlines. But it was a big, awful day in our lives, and here's what happened.

The printers blocks for a whole issue of POW were delivered to the mainline London station to be put on the train bound for Poole where our printers habitate. And the whole coboodle vanished! Never to be seen again . . . not even now! IMAGINE the panic! What did we do? How did POW get to be printed anyway. Well, it DID get printed, you all know that. But how? What did we have to do . . . and do FAST? Do you mind, but we'd rather not dwell upon that aspect. Phew! It makes us tired just to THINK of it.

YOUR SECRET CODER!



We don't have to tell you the fun you People of Power are going to have with the SMASH Secret Coder. . . . But what we CAN tell you is that starting next Ish there will be a SECRET MESSAGE in EVERY Power Comic in the News From the Floor of '64. And only you faithful ones, armed with the Smash Secret Coder, will be equipped to read it!

new!
SUBBUTEO
TABLE CRICKET
with OO Scale Figures

A NEW TABLE GAME — where the Cricket Enthusiast can reproduce, at will, all the finesse of the great Summer game.
Play your own — TEST MATCHES! COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS, GILLETTE and CHARRINGTON CUP MATCHES! With all the skill of real cricket - bowling, double wickets and all the OUTS, such as clean bowled, stumped, caught, L.B.W., run out, etc. Spin, leg and off breaks. Hits for six, four and odd runs.

COMPLETE with 20 Scale Miniature Painted Figures, Stumps, Ball, etc. DISPLAY EDITION 22/11

As above, together with Green Baize Cricket Pitch. CLUB EDITION 45/11

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Please tell your parents you are answering this ad.

SEND 1/- TODAY ASK FOR LOT SS13

BROADWAY APPROVALS
50, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

IF THIS BE JUSTICE!

WHEN A MAN FACES DEATH, THEY SAY THAT HIS PAST FLASHES BEFORE HIM! AS A HIGH-VELOCITY RIFLE GRENADE EXPLODES NEAR DAREDEVIL AND KA-ZAR, EACH SEES AN IMAGE IN HIS MIND'S EYE! FOR KA-ZAR, IT IS THE FACE OF LORD PARNIVAL PLUNDER, THE JUNGLE MONARCH'S EVIL BROTHER --WHILE DAREDEVIL "SEES" THE VISAGES OF FOGGY NELSON AND KAREN PAGE, THE TWO PEOPLE WHO MATTER MOST IN ALL THE WORLD TO HIM--!

IF KA-ZAR DIES, BROTHER WILL STEAL MEDALLION! SO, KA-ZAR MUST LIVE! LIVE!

IS THIS THE END? WILL I NEVER SEE FOGGY--OR KAREN--AGAIN?

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

BUT, THIS IS NOT DESTINED TO BE THE END FOR THE TWO STRICKEN MEN! THANKS TO HIS JUNGLE BRED STRENGTH AND POWER, KA-ZAR IS MERELY STUNNED BY THE BLAST--

I GOT THEM BOTH! BUT THE COSTUMED ONE DOESN'T INTEREST ME! IT'S THE SAVAGE WHO'S CARRYING THE MEDALLION!

WHILE DAREDEVIL, WHOSE RADAR-SENSE WARNED HIM OF THE ATTACK A SPLIT-SECOND EARLIER, USES HIS SUPERB REFLEXES TO SAVE HIMSELF--AND REMAIN CONSCIOUS--!

I'LL JUST PLAY POSSUM HERE FOR A WHILE--

--UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT A NEW COURSE OF ACTION!

FEEPERS WAS RIGHT! KA-ZAR HAD THE OTHER HALF OF THE MEDALLION ON HIM!

HE WILL REWARD ME HANDSOMELY FOR THIS!

I MUST CALL HIM AT ONCE, TO NOTIFY HIM OF THE GOOD NEWS!

FEEPERS? BOSWELL HERE! I'VE OBTAINED ITEM M! AWAIT NEW INSTRUCTIONS! OVER--!

BRING IT TO ME AT ONCE, YOU IDIOT! EVERY EXTRA SECOND I REMAIN IN LORD PLUNDER'S CASTLE, I RISK BEING DISCOVERED! OUT!

SO! HE'S RETURNING TO THE CASTLE! I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM! THE ONE WHO OWNS BOTH HALVES OF THAT MEDALLION CAN CONTROL THE WORLD!

KA-ZAR WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE NOW! WITHOUT THE MEDALLION, HE'LL BE OF NO INTEREST TO ANY OTHER ASSASSINS!

MY LEGS STILL FEEL WOBBLY--BUT I CAN'T DROP THE BALL NOW!

THWIPPP!

THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF OVERTAKING A CAR--WITHOUT RUNNING FOR IT!

LUCKILY, HIS HIGH-POWERED ENGINE IS ROARING SO LOUD--
RRRRR

WITH THIS MEDALLION, I CAN FINALLY UNLOCK THE CRYPT IN WHICH MY FATHER HID HIS VIBRATING ORE! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
THE MAN WHO OWNS THAT ORE CAN NULLIFY ANY WEAPON IN THE WORLD! NO ARMY ON EARTH COULD THREATEN ME!

NO ARMY, PERHAPS, BUT THERE'S ONE MASKED SWINGER BY THE NAME OF DAREDEVIL WHO INTENDS TO GIVE YOU A REAL OLD-FASHIONED TUSSLE!
YOU!!
NOW THERE'S AN INSPIRING BIT OF REPARTEE!

AFTER ALL I'VE DONE TO OBTAIN THIS PRICELESS MEDALLION, DO YOU THINK I'D LET YOU TAKE IT FROM ME NOW??
WHY NOT? IF YOU HAVE TO LOSE IT TO SOMEONE, YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A MORE DESERVING GENT!

BUT, MOVING WITH UNEXPECTED SPEED, THE MAN KNOWN AS THE PLUNDERER WHIPS OFF HIS CAPE, AND--
HAH! YOUR FLIPPANCY IS NO MATCH FOR MY SKILL!
THUD!
HIS SWIRLING CLOAK CONFUSED MY RADAR SENSE-- I MISJUDGED THE DISTANCE--!

AND NOW TO DISPOSE OF YOU PERMANENTLY! FAREWELL, MEDDLER!

FORGIVE ME, PLUNDER-- I HATE SENTIMENTAL GOOD-BYES!
WHEW!-- IF I'D BEEN A SECOND SLOWER, I'D BE WEARING A TWO-PIECE COSTUME NOW!
WHOOSH!

WAIT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIS BATTLE-AXE! MY RADAR SENSE IS LOSING IT!
I FORGOT! THE MEDALLION I CARRY! ITS UNCANNY POWER IS CAUSING THE METAL WEAPON TO BECOME ATOMIZED!

AND THEN, FROM BELOW--A VOICE RINGS OUT--
LORD PLUNDER! WE HAVE CAPTURED THE MURDEROUS SAVAGE YOU WARNED US OF.
THE POLICE!
EXCELLENT, CONSTABLES! AND I HAVE THE OTHER KILLER AT BAY!

JOLLY GOOD THING HE WAS STUNNED, TOO, MILORD!
ELSE, WE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SUBDUE THE BRUTE!

PLUNDER MUST HAVE ACCUSED KA-ZAR AND ME OF THE MURDER OF SLAGG,* AND THE OFFICERS HAVE NO REASON TO DOUBT HIS WORD!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
DAREDEVIL WAS THREATENING MY LIFE!
*AS SEEN LAST ISH! IF YOU MISSED IT, DON'T WORRY! WE WON'T MENTION IT AGAIN! --CONSIDERATE EDS.

WITH PLUNDER LYING AGAINST HIS BROTHER, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN TO HIM!
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP KA-ZAR!

BUT, ONLY IF I'M FREE!
STOP MAN! HE MUST NOT GET AWAY!
DO NOT WORRY, MILORD! HE SHAN'T ESCAPE US!

WITH LUCK, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO REACH THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH I ENTERED!
CRACK
CRACK

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, MASKED MAN!
DRRRRK

CLANG
IRON BARS-- DROPPED ACROSS THE WINDOW!! I'M TRAPPED!

WAIT! I SENSE ANOTHER WINDOW HERE ON MY BACK-SWING! IF I CAN REACH IT IN TIME--!
THAT WINDOW HAS NO BARS! IF HE MAKES IT, HE'LL CRASH THROUGH TO SAFETY!
I'M ACHING TO GO AFTER HIM MYSELF-- BUT I CANNOT LET THE POLICE SUSPECT HOW TRULY POWERFUL I AM! IT MIGHT AROUSE SOME SUSPICIONS ABOUT MY OTHER ACTIVITIES!
CRACK
CRACK!
GOSH! HE'S SPEEDY AS A HARE THAT ONE!

KH-RAK!
I DID IT!

NOW, IF I CAN MAKE IT ACROSS THE MOAT, I'LL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE!

HE WON'T GET FAR, MILORD! WE'RE SURE TO FIND HIM!
AFTER HIM-- QUICKLY!
WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW! I ALREADY HAVE WHAT I WANT!

YOU HAD BEST REMOVE THAT SAVAGE TO THE POLICE CELLS FOR SAFE-KEEPING, LEST HE ATTACK ANY OTHER INNOCENT PERSON!
IMMEDIATELY, MILORD!
FAREWELL, DEAR BROTHER! YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE ADMIRABLY!
TAKE WARNING! KA-ZAR HAVE REVENGE! KA-ZAR NEVER FORGET!

WHO CAN THE SAVAGE BE? WHERE DID HE COME FROM-- AND WHY?
THEY'VE GONE! EVERYTHING HAS WORKED OUT PERFECTLY FOR ME --EVEN BETTER THAN I DARED TO HOPE!
WE'LL FIND OUT --AT HIS TRIAL!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

Rubber Rind!

Got a nice, big, brown elastic band? Cut it into three or four and choose your moment when Dad's having eggs and bacon for breakfast—chances are, he'll think it's nice, crispy rind.

● This is one of the easiest and most puzzling tricks you can do. All you need is the inside tube of a toilet roll, a couple of knitting needles and a sausage shaped balloon.

Partly blow up the balloon then push it through the tube and blow it up the rest of the way. Of course the balloon will bulge out both ends. NOW PUSH THE NEEDLES THROUGH HOLES YOU'VE ALREADY MADE IN THE TUBE. The needles can plainly be seen to have gone right through the balloon—but it does not burst!

Why didn't it burst? Because when you were threading it through the tube, you made sure to give one end a twist. You hold on to this while you're blowing it up from the other end. Inside, the twist has made the middle of the balloon very narrow, so when the needles come through they miss the balloon altogether!

Take the needles out at the end of the trick, let down the balloon and pull it out—and hand it round for everybody to see!

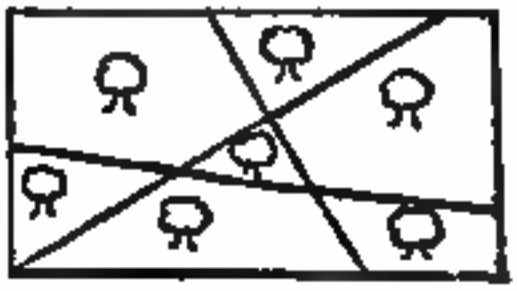
The man was waving his arms about madly in the middle of the road. "What are you doing?" asked a policeman.

"Scaring away wild elephants."

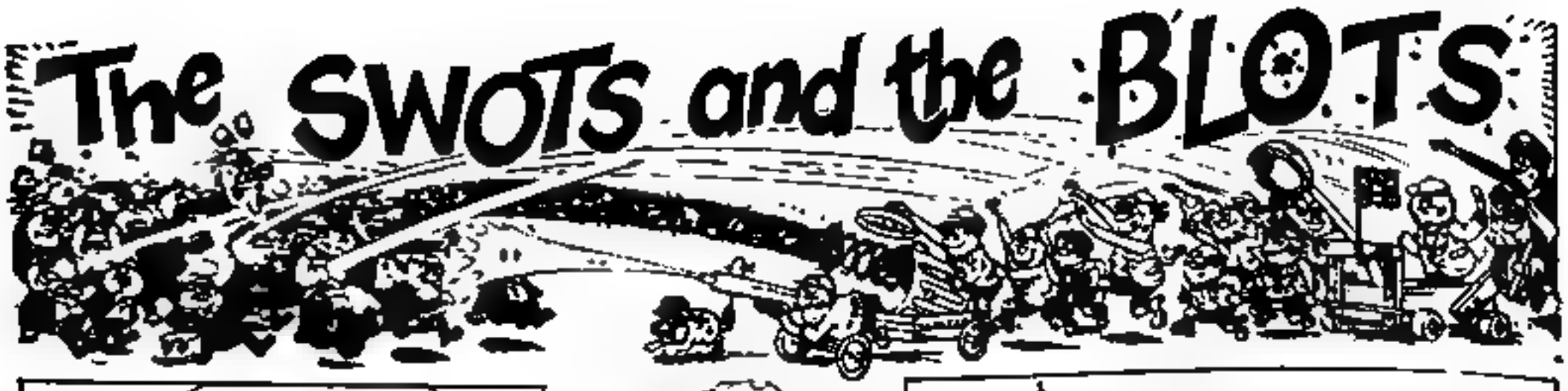
"But there aren't any wild elephants round here," said the astonished copper.

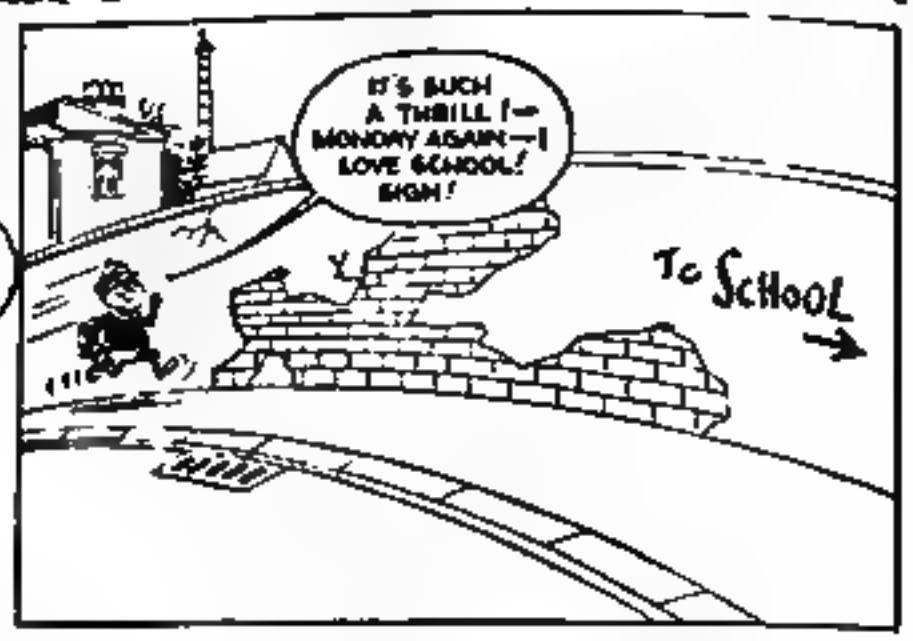
"I'm doing a good job then, aren't I?" came the quick reply.

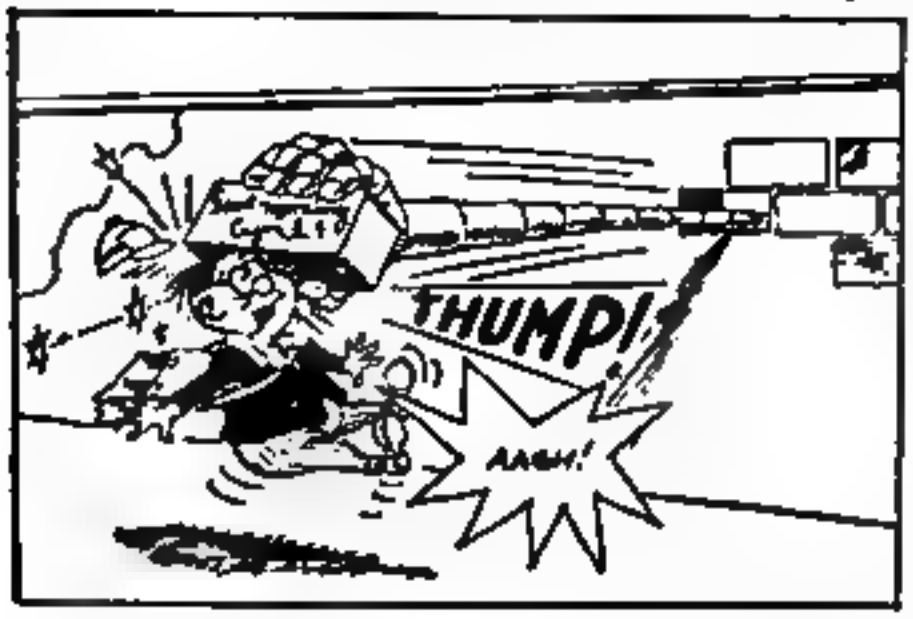
Here is how to get each of seven trees separated from the others with three straight lines . . .

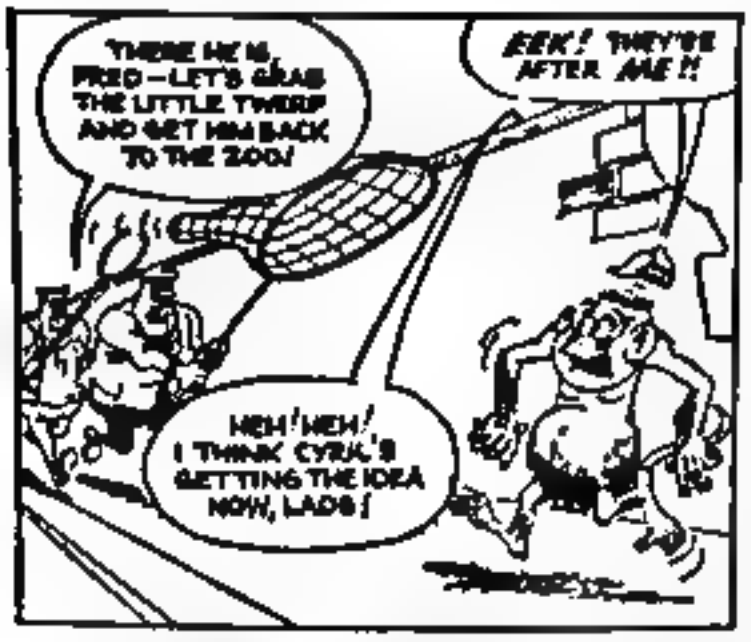


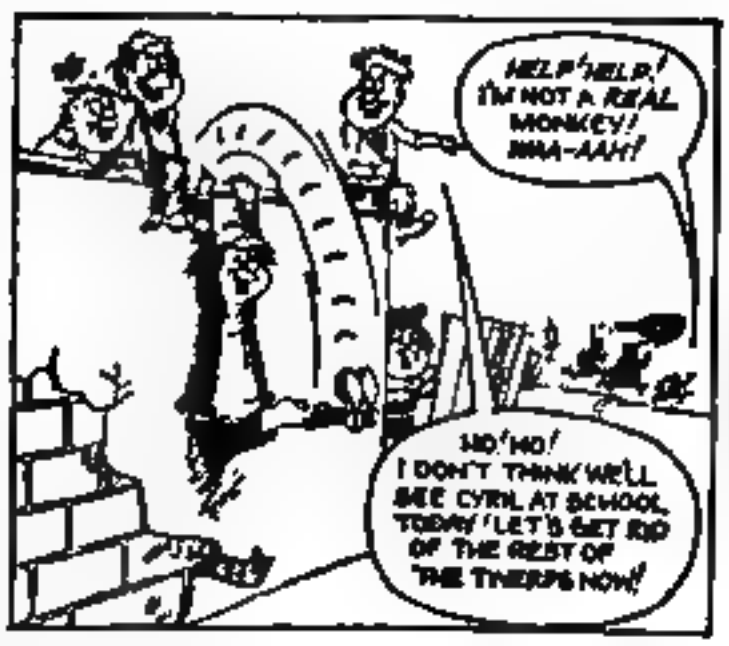
The SWOTS and the BLOTS







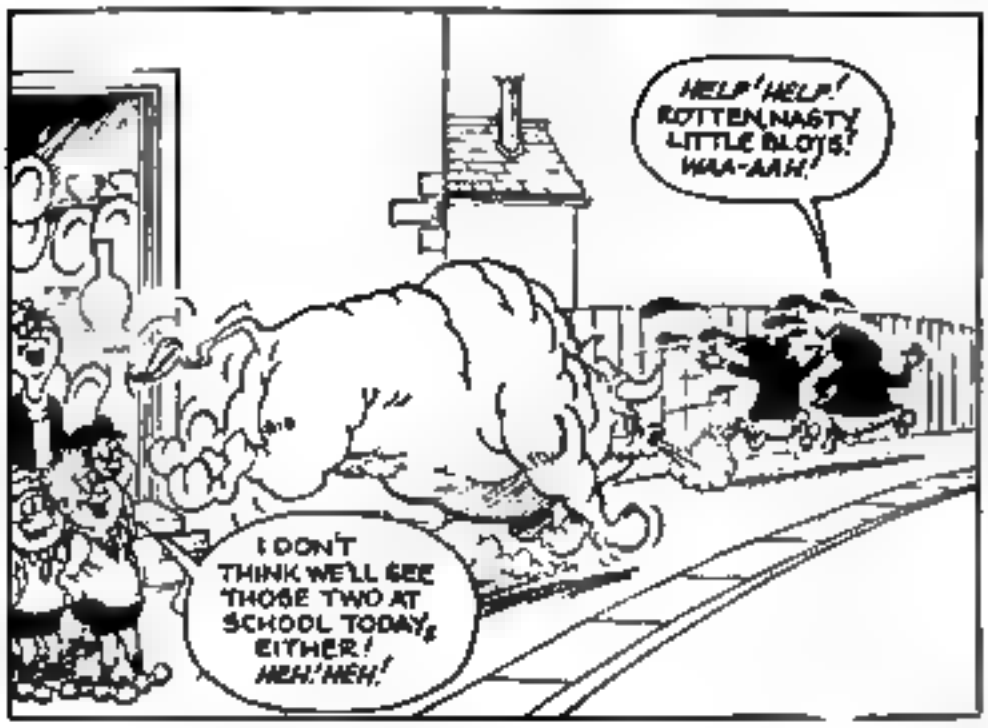




RED PAINT
HEE! HEE! I'LL GIVE CLARENCE AND CLAUDE A COAT — A COAT OF RED PAINT! SNIGGER!

AAGH! IT'S PAINT! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
WHOOSH!
SPLUDGE!

SON CHINA & GLASSW
THERE'S A BULL IN THIS CHINA SHOP! LET'S LET IT OUT! BULLS HATE RED! SNIGGER!
MOO! THANKS!
ESPECIALLY RED SWOTS! TEE-HEE-HEE!


HELP! HELP! ROTTEN, NASTY LITTLE BLOTS! WAA-AAH!
I DON'T THINK WE'LL SEE THOSE TWO AT SCHOOL TODAY, EITHER! HEH! HEH!

WE GOT RID OF THEM ALL. — WE WON'T HAVE ANY SWOTS AT SCHOOL TODAY!
To School
From School
I CAN HAVE A KIP WITHOUT THEM TELLING ON ME NOW!

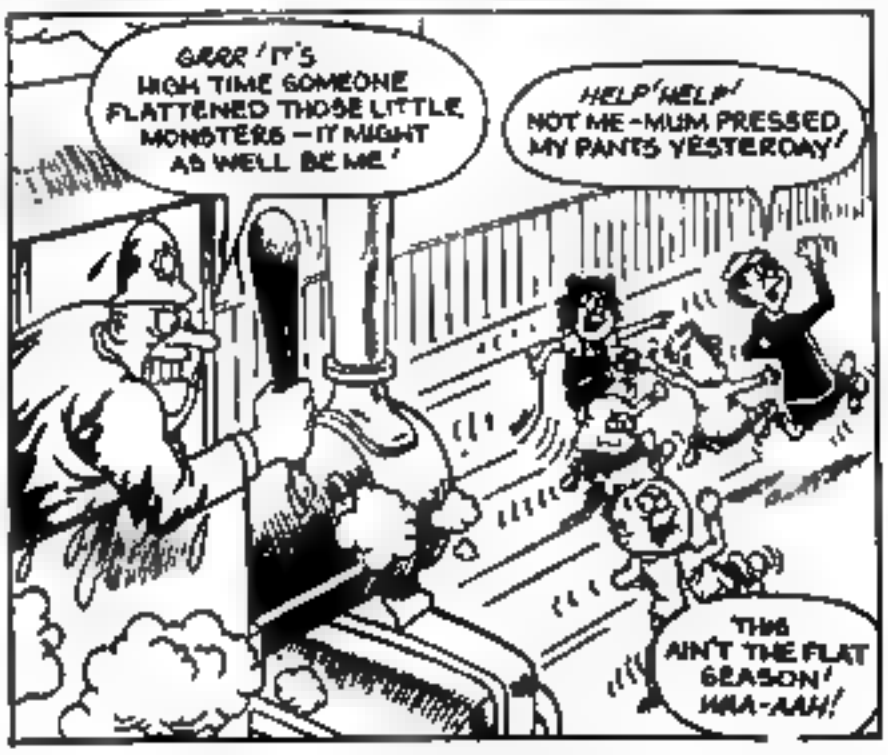
HEY! WHY DON'T WE GET RID OF TEACH, TOO? THEN WE WON'T HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL AT ALL!

GOLIATH
HEH! HEH! IF WE DRIVE THIS OVER TEACH'S PET CORN HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF!
YEAH! WE'LL SQUEEZE ALL THE STUFF FROM IT! SNIGGER!

HELP! LOOK OUT, LADS! THAT CLOT'S DROPPED A MILK CHURN!

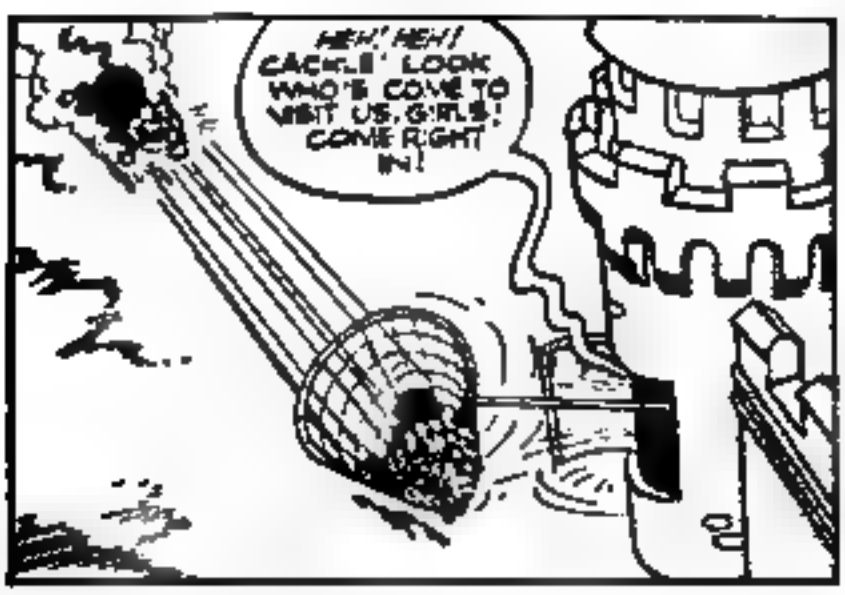
TOO LATE! THE BRAKES ON THIS THING ARE USELESS! GULP!
WHOOSH!
CRUNK!

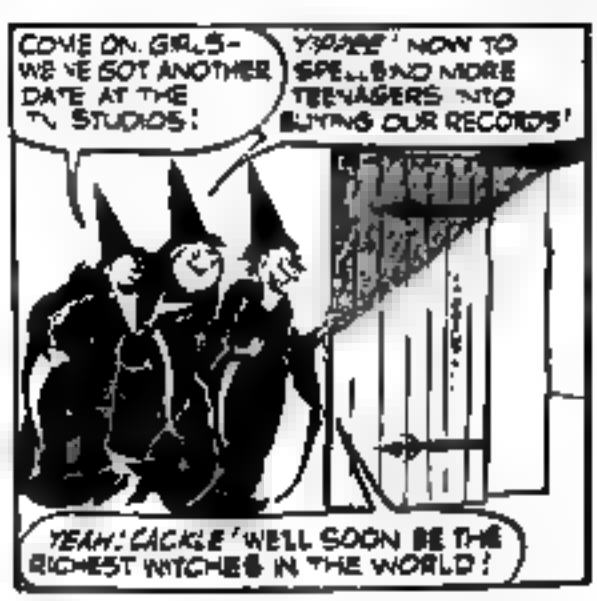
AAGH! WHAT ARE THOSE DEMONS PLAYING AT NOW?
SPLOSH!
BONG!

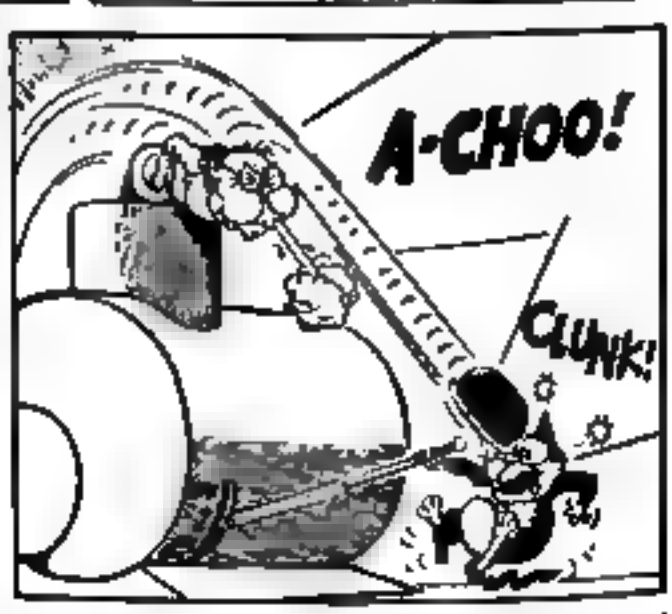

GRRR! IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEONE FLATTENED THOSE LITTLE MONSTERS — IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME!
HELP! HELP! NOT ME — MUM PRESSED MY PANTS YESTERDAY!
THIS AIN'T THE FLAT SEASON! WAA-AAH!

NOT A PUPIL IN SIGHT! LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOVELY, QUIET DAY! SIGH!
EMPTY!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.







AND ALREADY THE WITCHES ARE PUTTING THEIR SPELL ON THE AUDIENCE!

TWANG!

TV STUDIOS

THIS WAY, MEN— AND DON'T SPARE THE SODA!

OKAY, MEN, START SQUIRTING!

OWW! WE'VE BEEN KNOBBLED

SPLOSH!

THAT'S IT, MEN—THAT'LL DE-SPELL THEM. TAKE CARE OF THE WITCHES.

STOP— OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

D-DON'T SHOOT—WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

ARGH!

TRIP!

GOOD OLD MOGGY—EXTRA CREAM FOR YOU, DEARIE!

LET'S SCARPER—WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!

SPLAT!

BACK TO OUR FLYING CAULDRON! CACKLE

BETTER LUCK IN AMERICA, SH. GIRLS! CACKLE

YEAH, NAG, YOU SAID IT, BUDDY! CACKLE!

OH BOY! WE'LL BE A SENSATION THERE! CACKLE!

GOOD OLD LARRY!

LARRY FOR KING!

AND LATER, BACK AT HQ.

HEY, LARRY, LOOK A FLYING SAUCER!

FLYING CAULDRON, YOU MEAN, CHIEF!

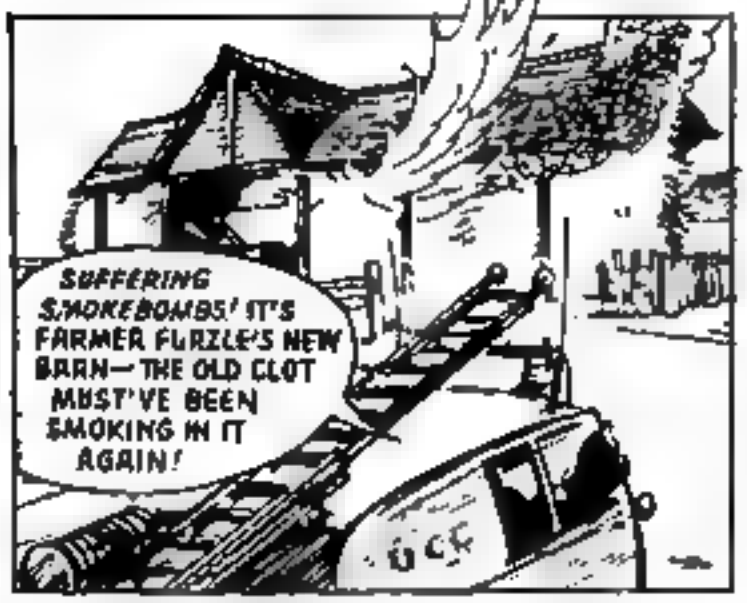
SPLOSH!

POOR LAD! NUTTY AS A FRUIT CAKE!

BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL HE IS FOR THE ASSIGNMENT I'VE GOT LINED UP FOR HIM NEXT WEEK!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



BRIAN'S BRAIN

AND

AND BEFORE THE EYES OF THE STARTLED MEN, THE SERPENT DISSOLVES INTO A FOAMING LIQUID THAT SOAKS INTO THE

THAT'S GONE ENTIRELY LOOK YOU! NOW — HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
IT'S IMPORTANT ONLY THAT IT HAS GONE FOR GOOD!

WHO'S THAT MAN?
MY LADY! THE SERPENT JUST SAW IT!
NEVER MIND THAT NOW FOOL — LOOK WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE — HELP! HELP ME, AGGARTH!

LOOK LADY! — COME ON! THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE NOW!
THERE IS A MAN LOCKED IN AN UPSTAIRS ROOM — HE MUST BE RESCUED!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED!
THEN BREAK IT DOWN! THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME!

BRIAN HIMSELF ARRIVES FROM THE CANYON AS THE HOUSE BURSTS INTO THE NIGHT!
MY FATHER'S UPSTAIRS I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!

HE'S IN THERE
YOU'LL HAVE TO BREAK THE LOCK!
A FEW GOOD KICKS SHOULD DO THAT

BUT BY THE TIME THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN MOMENTS LATER, OR FLAME HAS ROARED UP THE STAIRWAY!
YOU'RE NOT HERE YET MAN! LOOK AT THOSE FLAMES! WE'RE TRAPPED UP HERE!
AND EVEN AS THEY LOOK FROM A BACK WINDOW, THE ROOF COLLAPSES AMID A SHOWER OF SPARKS!

THERE IS A BACK STAIRWAY! THE FIRE HAS NOT REACHED THERE YET!
FOLLOW ME — THIS WAY!

YOU SAY THERE WERE TWO IN THERE, A MAN AND A WOMAN. DID ANYONE SEE THEM ESCAPE?
I DON'T!
I DON'T THINK ANYONE SAW THEM GO!

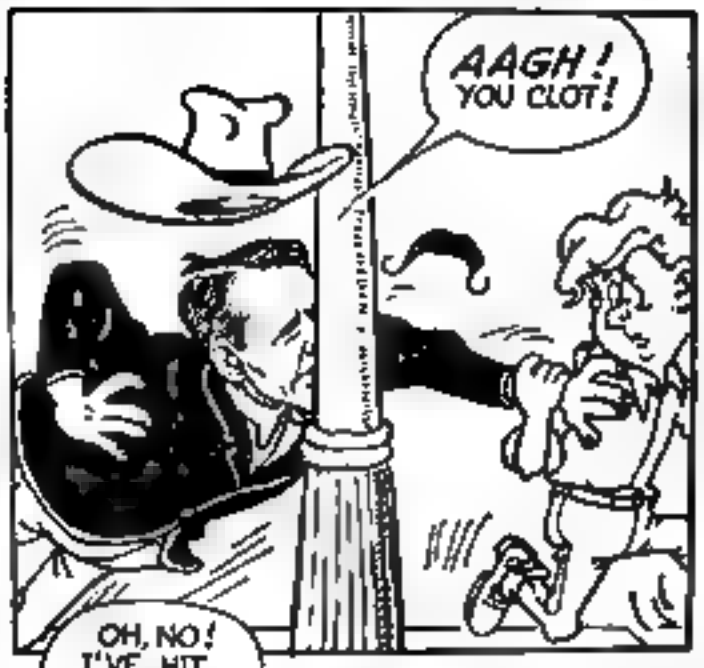
SOME TIME LATER, WHEN THE FLAMES HAVE CEASED
I'VE BEEN IN EVERY ROOM AND NO ONE WAS TRAPPED IN THIS HOUSE BY THE FIRE. YET NO ONE SAW THAT COUPLE LEAVE. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, PROFESSOR?
BY SOME MEANS OR ANOTHER THEY MUST HAVE LEFT!

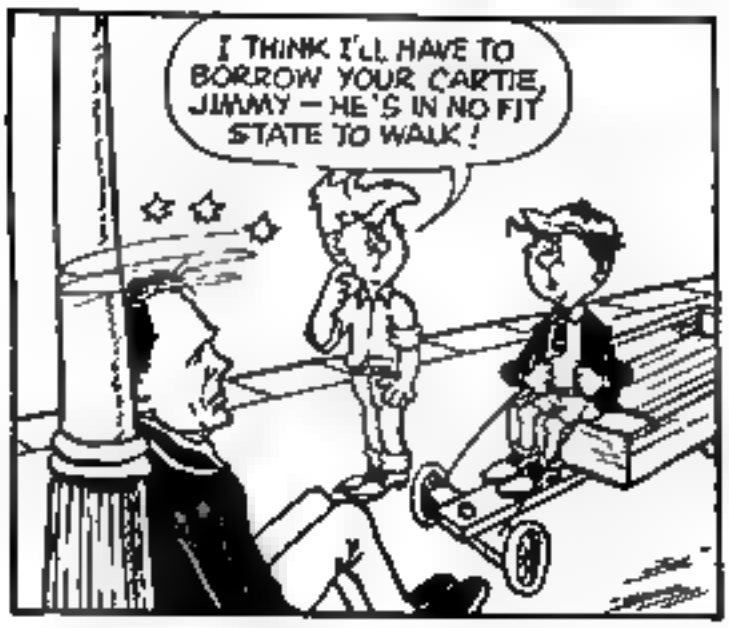
KIRKSLEY SUGGESTS THAT THEY SEARCH THE HOUSE AGAIN
LOTS OF STRANGE THINGS IN HERE, AND THE WOMAN VANISHED LIKE THAT! YOU DON'T THINK SHE WAS A WITCH, DO YOU, PROFESSOR?
SHE CERTAINLY HAD EXTRAORDINARY MENTAL POWERS. SUCH THINGS ARE POSSIBLE — BUT THEY ARE NOT MAGIC!

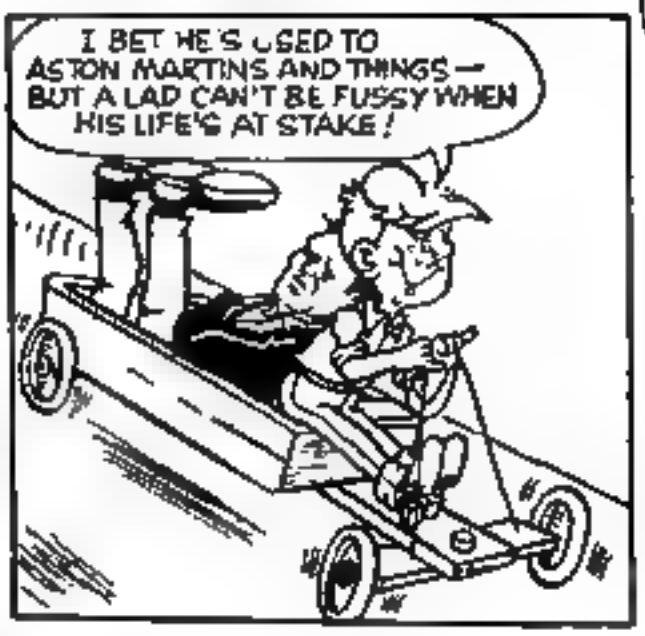
WHATEVER SHE WAS, DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER SEE HER AGAIN, BRAIN?
I HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING THE PUT-AT BRAIN! AM A BRAIN NOT A FORTUNE-TELLER'S CRYSTAL BALL!
NEXT ISH, A STARTLING NEW ADVENTURE WITH THE MOST POWERFUL BRAIN IN THE WORLD!

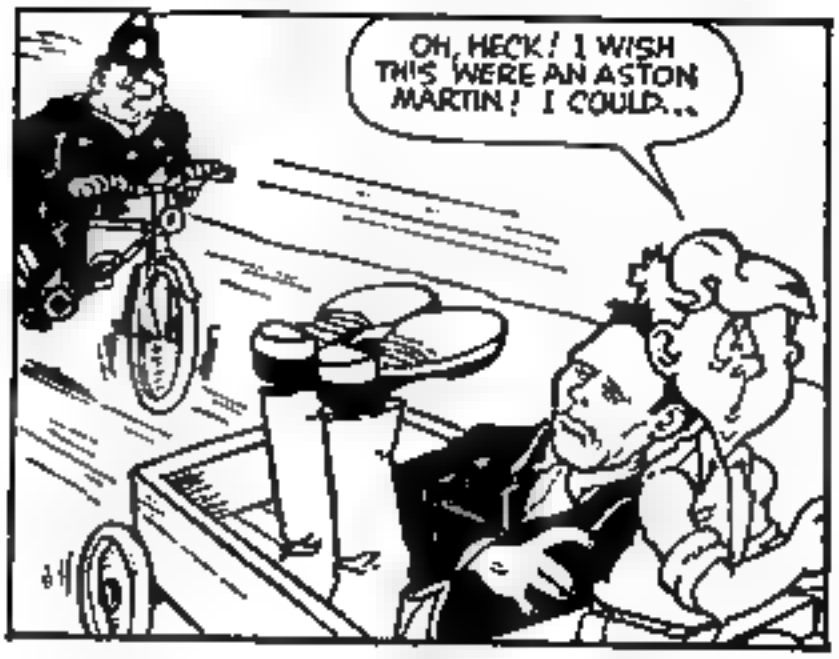
Charlie's Choice

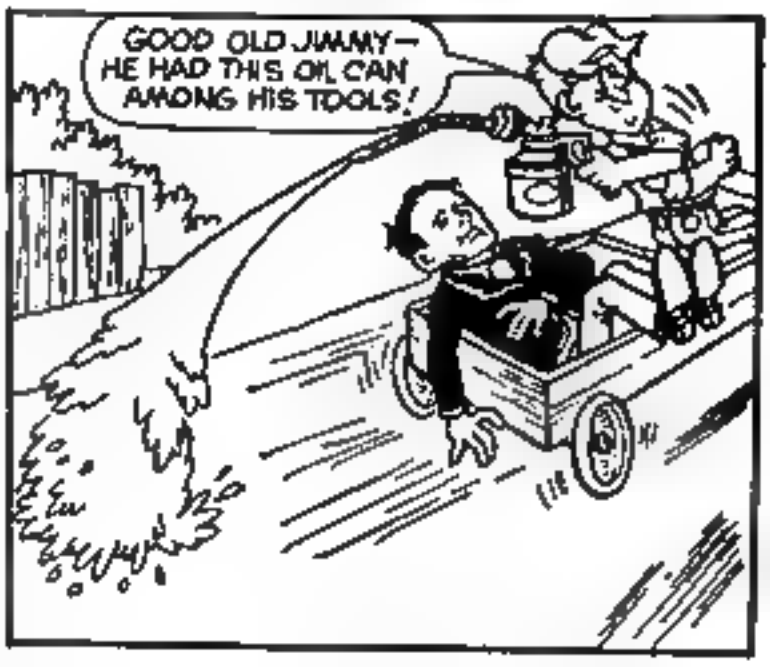
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!

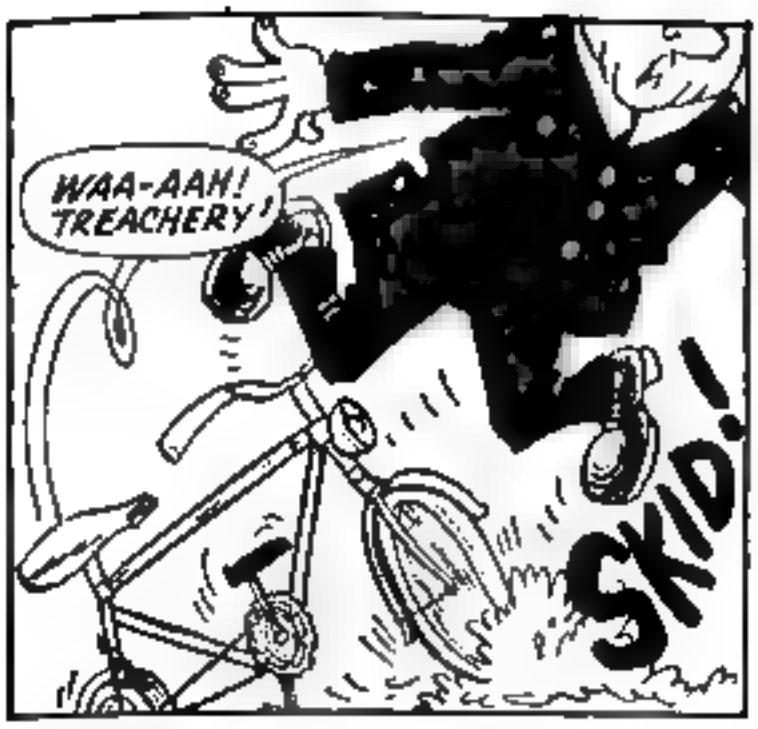











WAA-AAH! TREACHERY!
SKID!

HE WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE – NOW TO GET TO MY SECRET HIDEOUT!

HERE WE ARE, NUMBER SIX! IN YOU GO – THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU IN THERE!
DON'T CALL ME NUMBER SIX! I AM A FREE MAN!

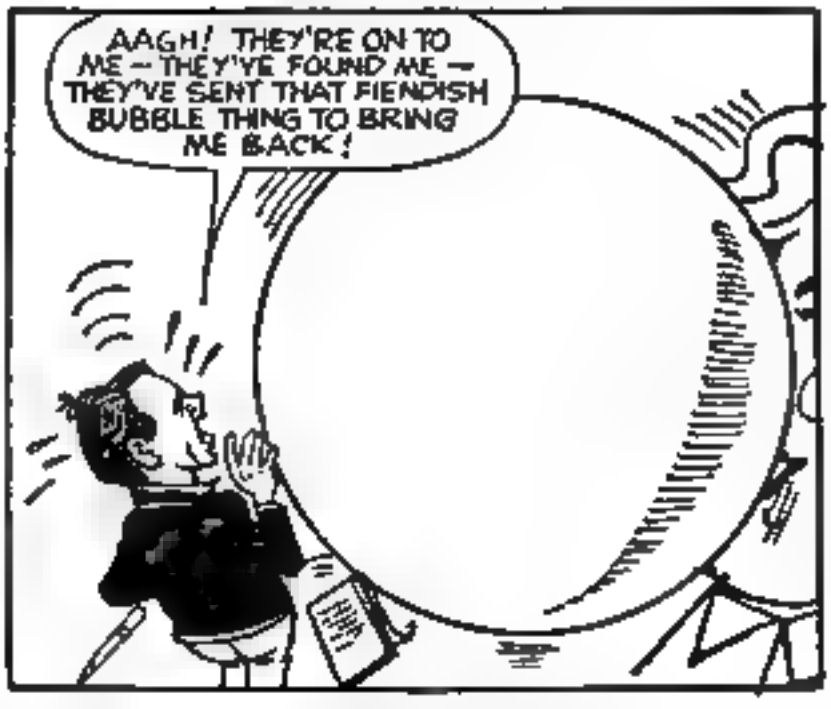
GO AND BUY YOURSELF SOME SWEETS – YOU DESERVE THEM!
COO! THANKS! YOU'RE A PAL!

OH, BOY! WHAT A NOSH-UP I'M GOING TO HAVE!

I'LL WRITE A MESSAGE FOR YOU AND YOU CAN TAKE IT TO MY H.Q. – THEY'LL COME AND FETCH ME!
CHEW!
CHEW!

PUFF!

LOOK – I'M THE BUBBLE BLOWING CHAMP OF THIS TOWN!
OH, NO! TIME IS SLIPPING PAST SO FAST OUR POOR 'PRISONER' IS SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY-SIZE!!


AAGH! THEY'RE ON TO ME – THEY'VE FOUND ME – THEY'VE SENT THAT FIENDISH BUBBLE THING TO BRING ME BACK!

WAA-AAH! KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME! BACK, YOU BRUTE! BACK!

I SURRENDER! I GIVE UP! LOCK ME UP! CALL OFF THE BUBBLE!

WHAT A TWERP – HE'S A PRISONER AGAIN! YOU WOULD THINK A SMART LAD LIKE HIM WOULD KNOW THE DIFFERENCE FROM A BUBBLE-GUM BUBBLE AND THAT THING ON THE TELLY! SIGH!
BAH!

SMASH - CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W. C. 2.

MAKE YOUR POCKET-MONEY 'S·T·R·E·T·C·H' FURTHER!

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED—YOU WIN £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I completely disagree with Hrmwlz or Tiley (don't like him either) about his code. It's too easy. You ought to start halfway down the alphabet, like this:

M = A	V = J	E = S
N = B	W = K	F = T
O = C	X = L	G = U
P = D	Y = M	H = V
Q = E	Z = N	I = W
R = F	A = O	J = X
S = G	B = P	K = Y
T = H	C = Q	L = Z
U = I	D = R	

This is harder to decode.

Kagde Bmgx Nqzzqff,
Kings Heath, Birmingham.

And now you've got the new "SMASH secret coder," non-Power people will find your messages IMPOSSIBLE to decode!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I suppose you great guys at Long Acre have got a long way to go if SMASH is to be considered the eighth wonder of the world (wow!), but you can in my opinion get a step nearer this if you include in your mag a great, bloodcurdling, hair-raising, tummy-rumbling, gogglesome horror story in your comic and scrap Rubberman. He's an Andy Pandy compared to that zinging hunk of a fella, Daredevil, so howz about it? I don't mean one of those Frankensteinian, Dracula epics. I mean real ghost—e.g. "Who Spilt the Blood at the Foot of the Stairs?" "What happened to Mad Professor Bogglesworth?" and things like that. Then I won't have to think of deserting you poor fellas and converting to your Fleet Street rivals!

"Yours Cunningly,"
J. R. Hudson,
Norwich, Norfolk.

Don'tcha know there's a LAW in this country (and we agree with it) against curdling people's blood—or raising hair too far. But we are doing something about a gogglesome ghost—as you'll see in Rubberman this very week!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am writing today because it is the sixth. And, seeing that my lucky number is six, I hope to win a pound (slurp! money!). And please bring back the Hulk as he is my best super-hero. I reckon I must be the most Northerly person to write to you, seeing that I am only 20 miles from John O' Groats!

Alan Macdonald,
Thurso, Caithness.

Hey! Have you a sister called Aimi? (Know what we mean, darlings?)

Alf and Cos.

Dear Smash,

I am not writing to you to compliment you on your heroes, villains or other assorted oddments 'cos I expect you get enough letters talking about them, but to tell you that I have a comic collection to sell. So if this letter is printed (HINT) will you please publish my full address so that any interested readers may write to me. The collection consists mainly of D.C. mags (e.g. Batman, Superman) with the odd Marvel. If any reader would like to buy, will he or she please send a "want" list, with prices, and I'll see if I can supply them.

W. N. James,
71 St. Leodegar's Way,
Hunston, Nr. Chichester, Sussex.

Hope your customers save enough for next week's SMASH!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Please, please, don't think I am being posh but I would honestly like you to know that the only main feature which has deteriorated in SMASH is the letters page. There was a time when I would always turn straight to the letters page and soak up some really interesting and informative points and suggestions to improve SMASH, but now all I read is—SMASH is great—fantastic, etc. Now, don't think I'm blaming readers—well, not the younger ones as I think they deserve a pound for having a go, but the older ones should try to produce more informative letters. Now this again is not their fault at all; I think that you, Alf and Cos, should encourage your readers to really write what they think.

Now I would like to congratulate you two "sirs" on your careful piecing together of News From the Floor of 64 as I think it is one of the best features in SMASH. Do you remember your three weekly editions in this section which dealt with the script writer, artist and the editor? Well, I would like you to know that I used that information to deliver a talk to the class in my English lesson.

Ah, well—congratulations on the best comic out and I am only glad I am not writing to a Brand Ecch publication.

Steve Sharpe,
Leicester.

Pheeeeew! Thanks for the epic letter, Steve. Sorry we haven't printed ALL of it, but that would have meant squeezing out everyone else. We agree about the letters, but we can only print what we receive. So it's up to YOU, frantic ones.

Alf and Cos.

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

When you write to us, fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. Then we can be sure that we are filling the paper with the features you like best!

My favourite feature is: _____

The feature I dislike is: _____

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

FREE 33 DIFFERENT BRITISH EMPIRE QUEEN STAMPS

given to new customers who would like to see our approval books. These contain stamps sent for your inspection from which you may buy. You may buy this offer for 3/- if you do not want the approvals. Send 4d. for postage, and if you are of school age please tell your parents. We regret that we cannot send our approval books out of Europe.

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MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW

STARTS TODAY...

THE RUBBER MAN!

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE J.J. JIMPLER HAS BOUGHT A LONELY CASTLE IN GERMANY AND NOW HE TELLS RUBBERMAN AND PRIVATE TEC SAM NUTT WHY IT IS CALLED . . .

"THE CASTLE OF THE CURSE!"

ONE NIGHT A POLICE CREW DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE SOMETHING THEY SAW ON THE COAST . . .

THAT'S WHERE WE SAW THAT LIGHT FLASHING BEHIND THAT PLACE . . WHAT DO THEY CALL IT . . ? THE CASTLE OF THE CURSE

NUH! ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT SOME OLD MUSICIAN WHO PUT A CURSE ON THE PLACE A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YEARS AGO— I JUS' DON' BELIEVE A WORD . . .

PONZET

IT'S ALL JUST SO MUCH HOGWASH AND NAMMMMMP LOOK! LOOK UP THERE!

I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH IT . . IT . . .

IT . . IT'S THE GHOST! THE GHOST OF THE CASTLE!

THE MAESTRO! THE GHOST OF THE MAESTRO!

IT'S STARTING TO PLAY! IT'S AAAAHHHHH!

! 'M MMMMMMH!

THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN AMERICAN TYCOON J. C. JIMPLER CONTINUES

. . THAT WAS WHAT THEY HEARD OVER THE POLICE RADIO AND THOSE TWO COPS WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!

THAT'S WHAT I HEARD, MR JIMPLER. LOTS OF OTHER PEOPLE HAVE DISAPPEARED AROUND THAT AREA TOO— I DID SOME CHECKING!

NOBODY WILL GO THERE NOW! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN I BOUGHT THE PLACE BACK IN NEW YORK—AND I DON'T LIKE TO WASTE MY MONEY! I WANT THIS GHOST NONSENSE CLEARED UP SO I CAN MOVE IN THERE . . WITH SERVANTS AND SO ON . .

. . THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU, NUTT! TO DO JUST THAT!

CONSIDER IT AS GOOD AS DONE, MR JIMPLER, SIR. MY PARTNER, THE FAMOUS RUBBERMAN, AND MYSELF ARE NOT THE KIND TO BE FRIGHTENED OFF A CASE BY ANYTHING. . .

HELLO! WHAT WAS THAT? SOMETHING FLASHING UP IN THAT WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET FROM HERE!

. . IT'S THE SUN GLINTING ON A RIFLE BARREL! SOMEONE'S AIMING AT US!!!

GHOSTS OR GUNMEN, IT'S ALL THE SAME TO US, SIR. WE'RE JUST NOT SCARED BY THEM!

LOOK OUT, SAM! YOU'RE BEING SHOT AT!

I AM? BUT... EEEEEEHHHH!

BANG!

BEFORE THE MARKSMAN CAN FIRE AGAIN...

UUHHH!

GET RID OF THAT THING AND LET'S HAVE A LITTLE CHAT—ON SUCH SUBJECTS AS *WHY* YOU ARE TAKING POT-SHOTS AT SAM HUTT...

LIKE A FLASH, THE MAN OF RUBBER STRETCHES ACROSS THE STREET, AND INTO THE WINDOW OPPOSITE. BUT HE IS NOT QUICK ENOUGH!

SLAM!

HMMM! THE BIRD HAS FLOWN! BUT HE STILL HAS TO GET OUT OF THIS HOTEL...

HE'S TAKEN TO THE LIFT! AND JUDGING BY THE INDICATOR IT'S A PRETTY *FAST-MOVING* ONE, TOO!

LIFT

...AND SOMEHOW I HAVE TO GET TO THE GROUND FLOOR BEFORE *HE* DOES!

RUBBERMAN USES THE STAIRS... AS ONLY HE CAN...

OTTO! WHAT IS IT?

IT...IT'S A MAN, DEAR! AT LEAST, I *THINK* IT IS!

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, SIR. YOU'VE MADE MY DAY!

BUT AS HE SNAPS INTO THE FOYER

DARN IT—HE'S STOPPED AT THE FIRST FLOOR! I'LL BET HE'S USING THE FIRE ESCAPE!

LIFT

RUBBERMAN! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I'VE JUST LOST THE MAN WHO COULD TELL ME WHY YOU'RE A MARKED MAN—AND I'LL BET IT WAS HE WHO TAMPERED WITH YOUR CAR BRAKES A WHILE BACK.

HOTEL

MERCEDES

WELL, NO GOOD CRYING OVER SPILT MILK. WITH LUCK WE CAN STILL FIND THE ANSWER... ELSEWHERE! COME ON!

COME ON, WHERE, PARTNER?

THIS MUST ALL CONNECT UP WITH THE CASTLE OF THE CURSE, SAM! SO *THAT'S* WHERE WE'RE GOING...

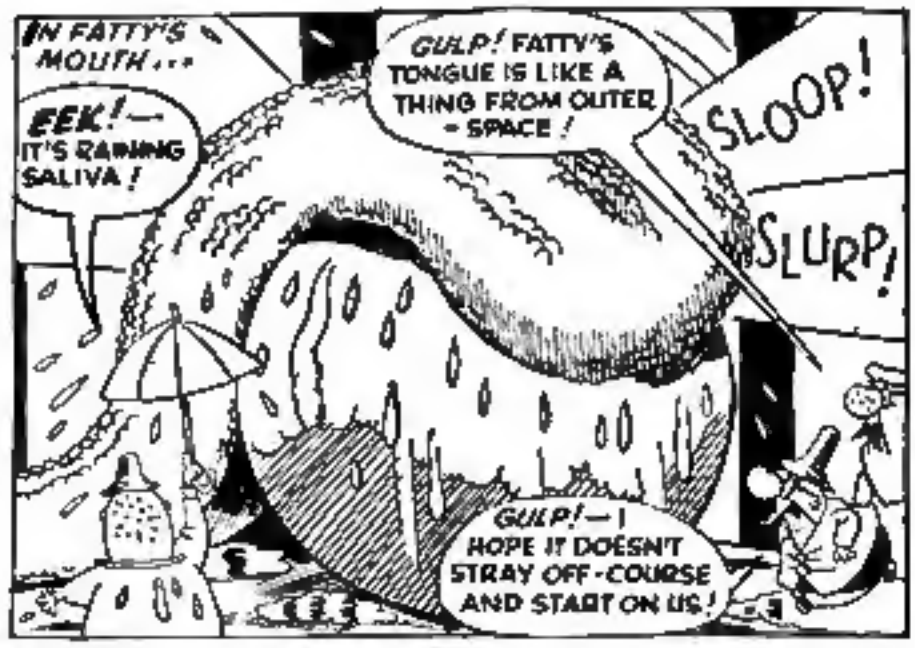
...OR TO PUT IT MORE PRECISELY...WE HAVE A DATE WITH A GHOST!

FOR THE SPIRIT OF REAL EXCITEMENT, DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S DRAMATIC GHOST HUNT EPISODE!

THE NERVS

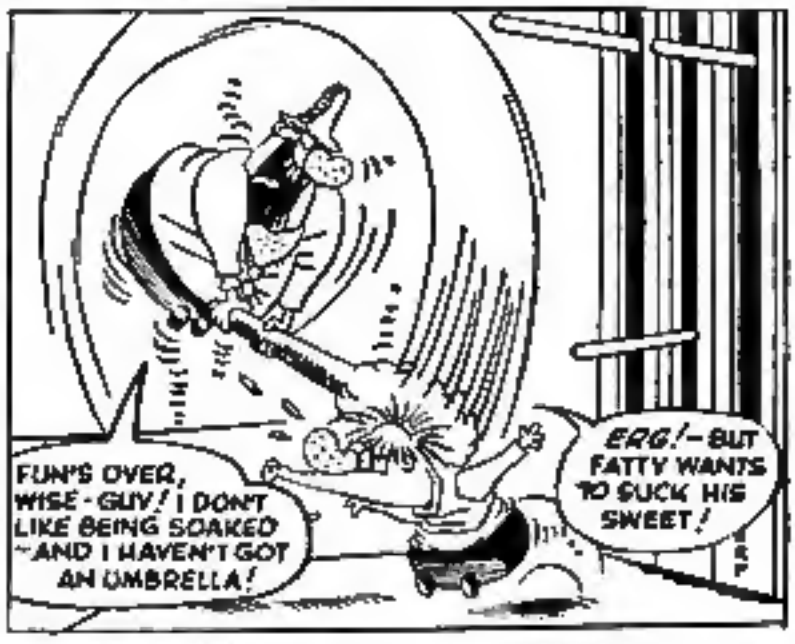
DON'T TRY SWALLOWING THAT SWEET WHOLE! — YOU SUCK IT!
LEAVE IT TO ME, MUM — I'M THE BIGGEST SUCKER IN THE BUSINESS!

SLOBBER! SLOOP! SLURP!


IN FATTY'S MOUTH...
EEK! — IT'S RAINING SALIVA!
GULP! FATTY'S TONGUE IS LIKE A THING FROM OUTER - SPACE!
SLOOP!
SLURP!
GULP! — I HOPE IT DOESN'T STRAY OFF-COURSE AND START ON US!

ARGH! THAT DOES IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! — IT'S SOAKED ME AGAIN!
SLOSH!

I'LL FIX THAT TWIT IN THE TONGUE CONTROL DEPARTMENT — HE'S ALWAYS MUCKING ABOUT JUST TO SCARE US MOUTH NERVS!
TONGUE CONTROL DEPT.

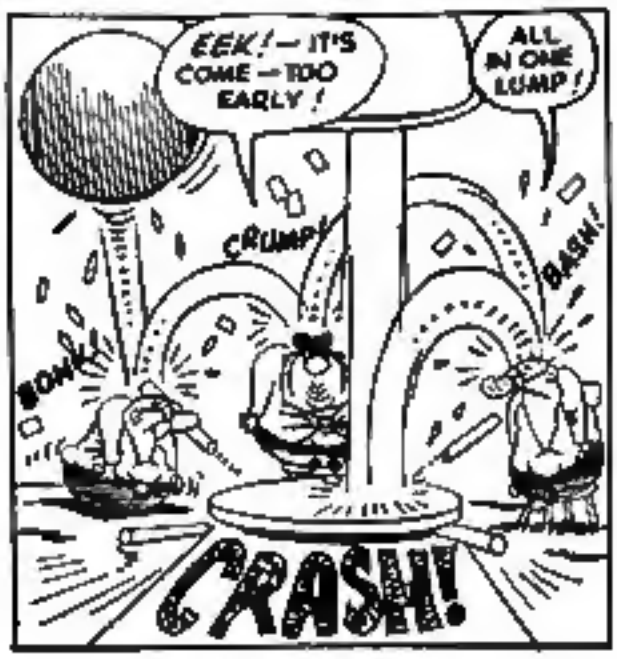

FUN'S OVER, WISE-GUY! I DON'T LIKE BEING SOAKED — AND I HAVEN'T GOT AN UMBRELLA!
ERG! — BUT FATTY WANTS TO SUCK HIS SWEET!

HEH! HEH! THAT SWEET WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE — I'LL MAKE THE FAT FREAK SWALLOW IT! SNIGGER!
THROB!
THROB!

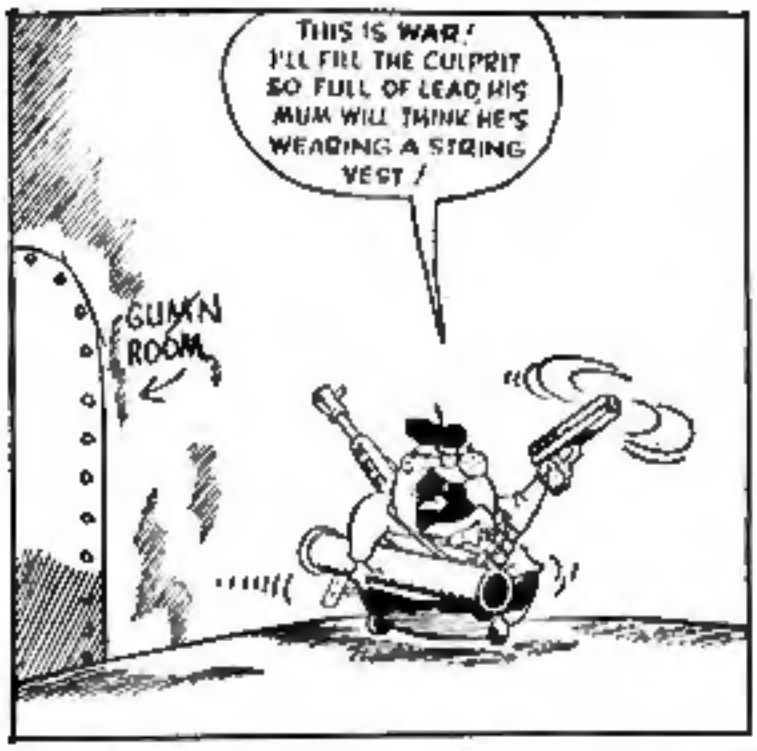
FLICK!
YAHOO! TINY'S DONE IT! NO MORE SOAKINGS FOR US!

OH, GOSH! — I'VE SWALLOWED IT!!

MEANWHILE, DOWN IN FATTY'S TUM...
WE'VE TIME FOR A GAME OF CARDS, LADS.
YEAH — IT'LL BE AGES BEFORE FATTY BUCKS HIS SWEET DOWN TO CRUNCHING SIZE — AND SENDS US DOWN THE LITTLE BITS!
BAGS ME DEALER!


EEK! — IT'S COME — TOO EARLY!
ALL IN ONE LUMP!
CRUMP!
BONK!
BASH!
CRASH!

GURR! SOME TWIT IS GOING TO PAY FOR THIS! — OUR NEW CARD TABLE IS WRECKED!
WH-WHAT HIT US??


THIS IS WAR! I'LL FILL THE CULPRIT SO FULL OF LEAD HIS MUM WILL THINK HE'S WEARING A STRING VEST!
GUNN ROOM

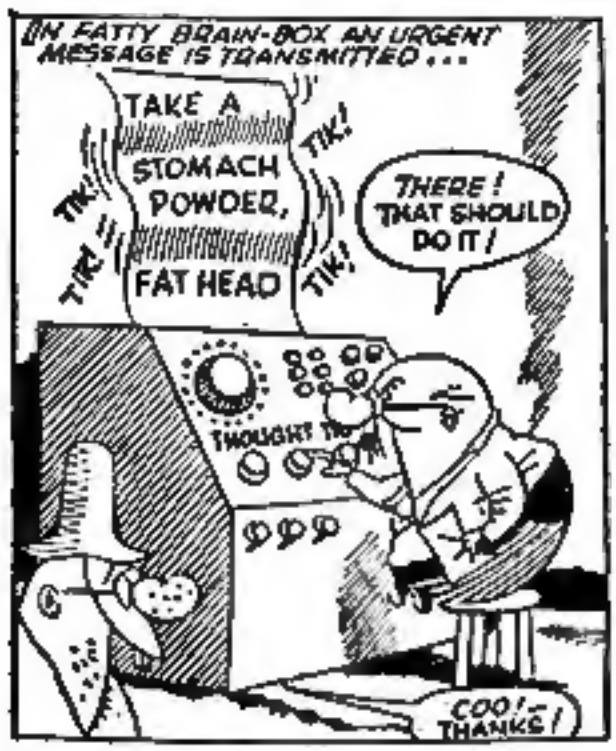
I MUST GET IN SOME PRACTICE FIRST — I HAVEN'T USED GUNS SINCE I LAST GAVE FATTY SHOOTING PAINS IN HIS TUM!
COO! TERRY TUM-NERVS GONE MAD!

OOH! MY TUM! IT'S FULL OF SHOOTING PAINS!
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AFTER SWALLOWING A WHOLE SWEET!

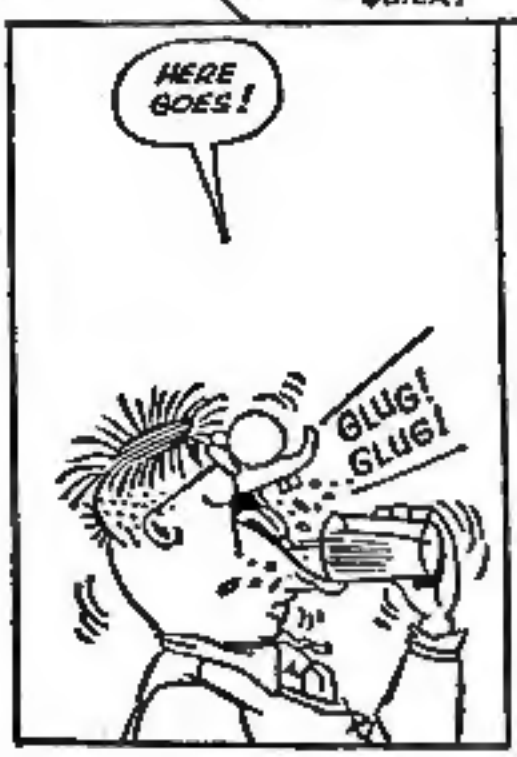
TUM DEPT
POW!
COO! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE—?
WHEEE!
BANG!

TUM DEPT
CRACK!
WHEEE!
ERK!—IT'S ME HE'S AFTER FOR MAKING FATTY SWALLOW THAT SWEET!

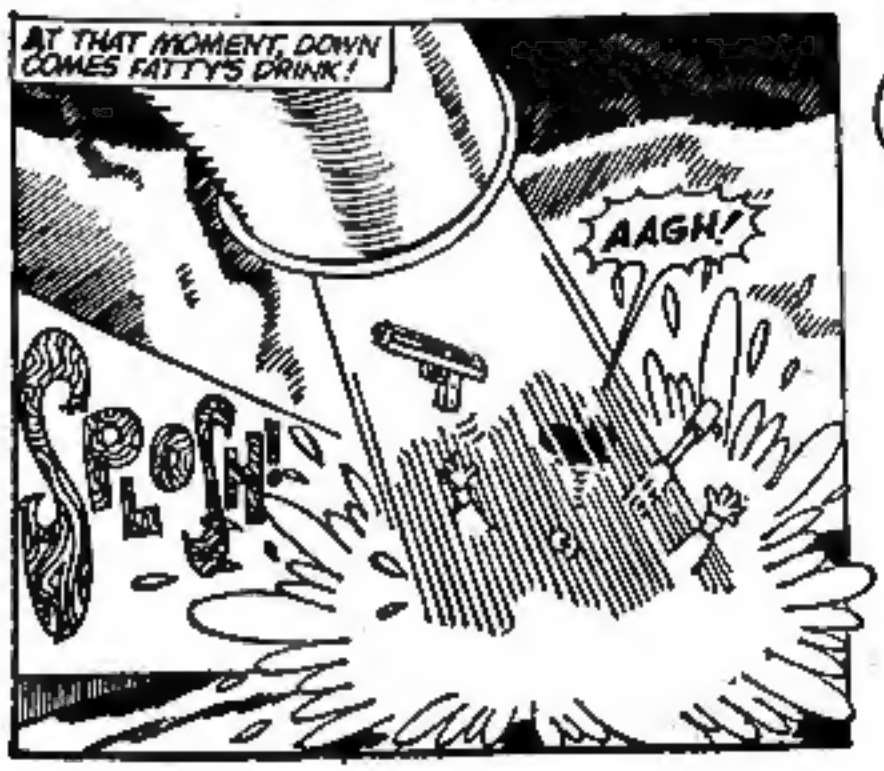
HELP!— BRAIN NERVS! MAKE FATTY TAKE A STOMACH POWDER! — QUICK!


IN FATTY BRAIN-BOX AN URGENT MESSAGE IS TRANSMITTED...
TAKE A STOMACH POWDER, FAT HEAD
TIK!
THERE! THAT SHOULD DO IT!
THOUGHT TRANS
COO! THANKS!

COO! A SUDDEN THOUGHT'S JUST HIT ME! A STOMACH POWDER MIGHT STOP THE SHOOTING PAINS!

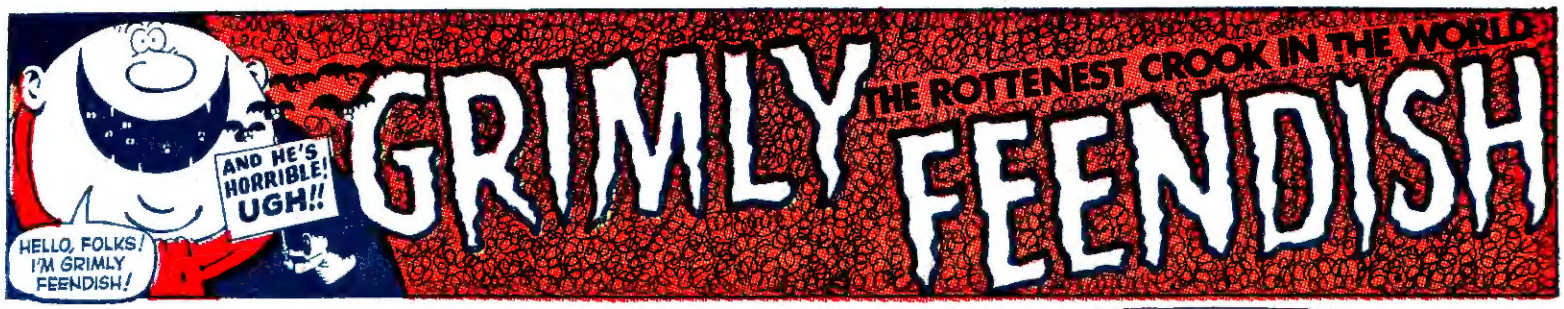

HERE GOES!
GLUG! GLUG!

MEANWHILE...
HEH! HEH!— PRACTICE IS OVER! NOW TO GET THE NIT WHO MADE FATTY SWALLOW THAT SWEET!


AT THAT MOMENT, DOWN COMES FATTY'S DRINK!
AAGH!
SPLOSH!

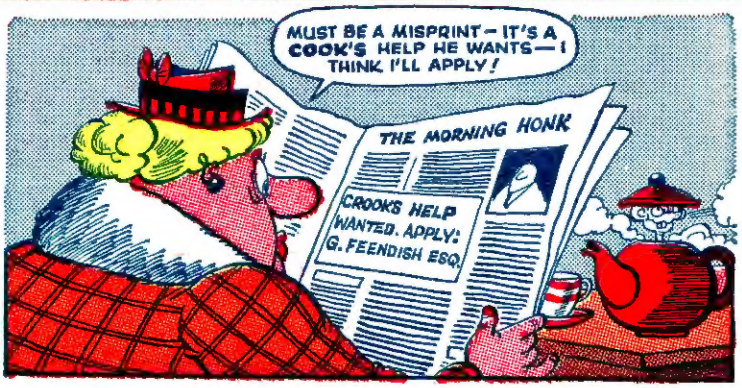
BOO-HOO-HOO! IT'S NOT FAIR! ALL MY GUNS AND BULLETS SOAKED! NOW THEY'RE USELESS!!!

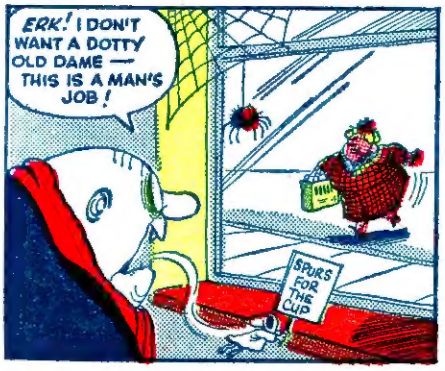
BACK IN FATTY'S MOUTH...
WELL, I RECKON I WAS JUST IN TIME! TERRY CAN'T SHOOT ME NOW — BUT IT JUST SHOWS THE TROUBLE YOU COULD CAUSE BY SWALLOWING A SWEET!
GOSH! WE MUST GET A NEW SLATE FOR THE ROOF!


HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

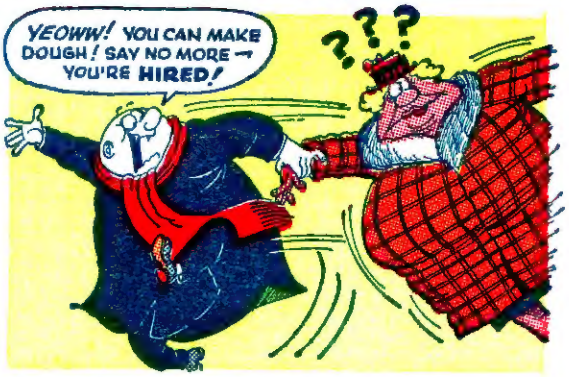
FEENDISH FLATS
GRR! YOU'RE HOPELESS! I'M GOING TO ADVERTISE FOR A NEW ASSISTANT!
BOOT!

ROTTEN OL' GRIMLY! HE ALWAYS BLAMES ME— BUT HE'S THE ONE WHO MUCKS UP EVERY JOB WE PLAN!


MUST BE A MISPRINT— IT'S A COOK'S HELP HE WANTS— I THINK I'LL APPLY!
THE MORNING HONK
CROOKS HELP WANTED. APPLY: G. FEENDISH ESQ.

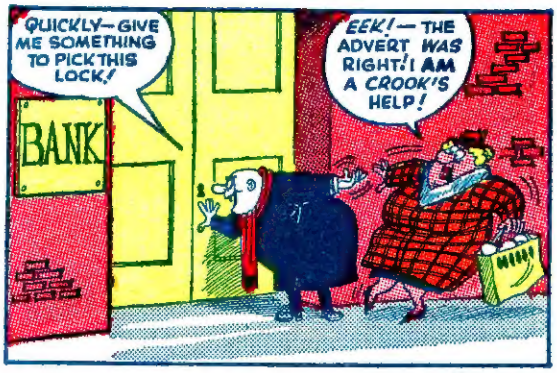

ERK! I DON'T WANT A DOTTY OLD DAME — THIS IS A MAN'S JOB!
SPURS FOR THE CUP

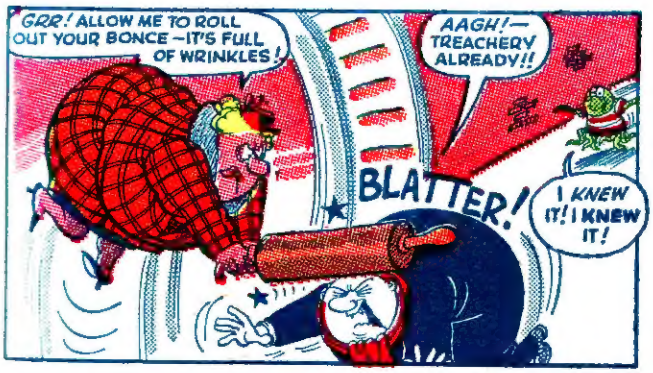
MATILDA MUGGY AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR—I'M AN EXPERT AT MAKING DOUGH, AND —


YEOWW! YOU CAN MAKE DOUGH! SAY NO MORE — YOU'RE HIRED!
???

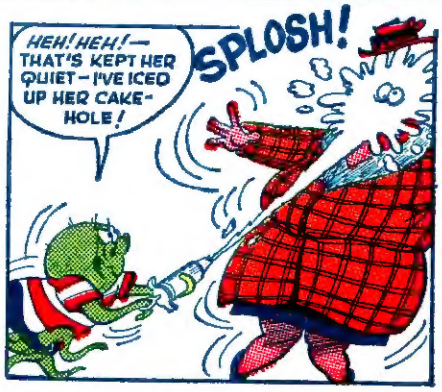
BRING YOUR TOOLS AND FOLLOW ME! HEH! HEH!
THE DISGRACE OF IT! REPLACED BY A FEMALE WOMAN!

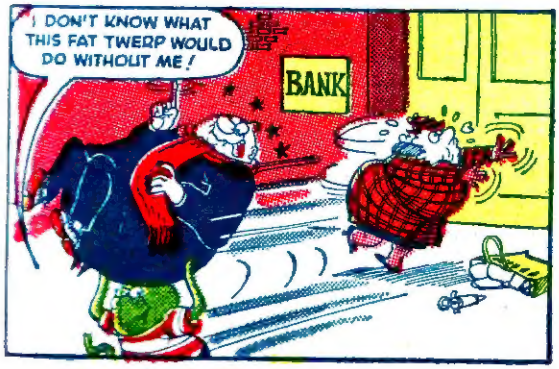
I BET OLD GRIM BONCE IS GOING TO NEED MY HELP YET!


QUICKLY— GIVE ME SOMETHING TO PICK THIS LOCK!
BANK
EEK! — THE ADVERT WAS RIGHT! I AM A CROOK'S HELP!

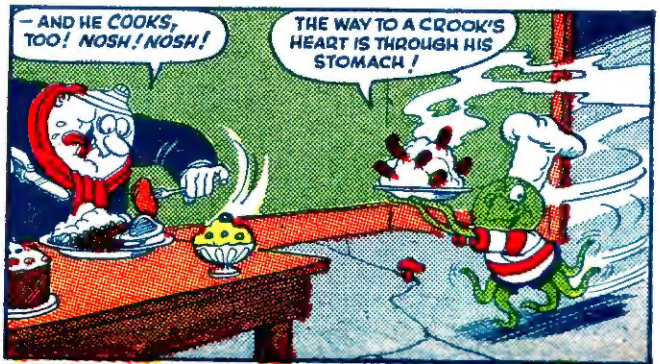

GRR! ALLOW ME TO ROLL OUT YOUR BONCE—IT'S FULL OF WRINKLES!
AAGH!— TREACHERY ALREADY!!
BLATTER!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!

NOW TO CALL THE BOBBIES—
QUITE A BAG OF TRICKS SHE'S GOT HERE... THIS ICER WILL DO NICELY!


HEH! HEH! — THAT'S KEPT HER QUIET— I'VE ICED UP HER CAKE-HOLE!
SPLOSH!


I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS FAT TWERP WOULD DO WITHOUT ME!
BANK

SQUELCH IS RIGHT— I DO NEED THE LITTLE CLOT —


— AND HE COOKS, TOO! NOSH! NOSH!
THE WAY TO A CROOK'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH!